

1507/601
LOVE's Last Shift ;

O R,

The FOOL in Fashion.

A

C O M E D Y.

B Y

COLLEY CIBBER, Esq;

As it is performed at the THEATRES ROYAL
in Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden.

——— *Fuit hæc Sapientia quondam,
Cocubitu prohibere vago, dare jura maritis.*

HOR. de Art. Poet.

L O N D O N :

Printed for HAWES, CLARKE and COLLINS ; J. RIVINGTON, T. LONGMAN, R. BALDWIN, T. LOWNDES, T. CASLON, C. BATHURST, C. CORBET, W. NICOLL, and S. BLADON.

M DCC LXVIII.



PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. VERBRUGGEN.

*W*IT bears so thin a Crop this duller Age,
We're forc'd to glean it from the barren Stage;
E'en Players fledg'd by nobler Pens, take Wing
Themselves, and their own rude Composure sing.
Nor need our young-one dread a Ship-wreck here;
Who trades without a Stock, has nought to fear.
In ev'ry Smile of yours a Prize he draws;
And if you damn him, he's but where he was.
Yet where's the Reason for the Critic Crew,
With killing Blasts, like Winter to pursue
The tender Plant that ripens, but for you?
Nature, in all her Works, requires Time;
Kindness, and Years, 'tis makes the Virgin climb,
And shoot, and hasten to th' expected Prime;
And then, if untaught Fancy fail to please,
'T instruct the willing Pupil by Degrees;
By gentle Lessons you your Joys improve,
And mould her aukward Passion into Love.
E'en Folly has its Growth: Few Fools are made;
You drudge and sweat for't, as it were a Trade.
'Tis half the Labour of your trifling Age,
To fashion you fit Subjects for the Stage.
Well! if our Author fail to draw you like;
In the first Draught, you're not t' expect Vandyke.
What tho' no Master-stroke in this appears,
Yet some may Features find resembling theirs.
Nor do the bad alone his Colours share;
Neglected Virtue is at least shewn fair,
And that's enough o' Conscience for a Play'r.
But if you'd have him take a bolder Flight,
And draw you Pictures by a truer Light,
You must yourselves, by Follies yet unknown,
Inspire his Pencil, and divert the Town.
Nor judge, by this, his Genius at a stand;
For Time, that makes new Fools, may mend his Hand.

Dramatis Personæ 1767.

M E N.

- Sir Will. Wisewou'd.* A rich old Gentleman, that fancies himself a great Master of his Passion, which he only is in trivial Matters. } *Mr. Dunstall.*
- Loveless.* Of a debauch'd Life, grew weary of his Wife in six Months; left her and the Town, for Debts he did not care to pay; and having spent the last Part of his Estate beyond Sea, returns to *England* in a very mean Condition. } *Mr. Ross.*
- Sir Novelty Fashion.* A Coxcomb that loves to be the first in all Foppery. } *Mr. Woodward.*
- Elder Worth.* A sober Gentleman of a fair Estate, in love with *Hillaria.* } *Mr. Clarke.*
- Young Worth.* His Brother, of a looser Temper, Lover to *Narcissa,* } *Mr. Dyer.*
- Snap.* Servant to *Loveless.* } *Mr. Shuter.*
- Sly.* Servant to *Young Worth.* } *Mr. Cushing.*
- A Lawyer.

W O M E N.

- Amanda.* A Woman of strict Virtue, married to *Loveless* very young, and forsaken by him. } *Mrs. Ward.*
- Narcissa.* Daughter to *Sir William Wisewou'd,* a Fortune. } *Mrs. Mattocks.*
- Hillaria.* His Niece. } *Mrs. Dyer.*
- Flareit.* A kept Mistress of *Sir Novelty's.* } *Mrs. Green.*
- Woman to *Amanda.* } *Mrs. Ferguson.*
- Maid to *Flareit.* } *Mr. Helme.*
- Servants, &c.



The SCENE, London.



LOVE's Last Shift ;

O R,

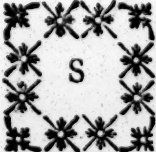
The FOOL in Fashion.

A C T. I.

S C E N E, *the Park.*

Enter Loveless, and Snap his Servant.

LOVELESS.

 IRR AH ! leave your Preaching : —
Your Counsel, like an ill Clock, either
stands still, or goes too slow : — You ne'er
thought my Extravagancies amiss, while
you had your Share of 'em ; and now I
want Money to make myself drunk, you advise me to
live sober, you Dog. — They that will hunt Pleasure as
I ha' done, Rascal, must never give over in a fair Chace.

Snap. Nay, I know you would never rest, till you
had tir'd your Dogs. — Ah ! Sir ! what a fine Pack of
Guineas you have had ! and yet you would make 'em
run till they were quite spent. — Wou'd I were fairly
turn'd out of your Service. — Here we have been three
Days in Town, and I can safely swear I have liv'd upon
picking a hollow Tooth ever since.

Love. Why don't you eat then, Sirrah ?

Snap. E'en because I don't know where, Sir.

Love. Then stay till I eat, Hang-Dog ! Ungrateful
Rogue ! to murmur at a little fasting with me, when thou
hast been an equal Partner of my good Fortune.

Snap. Fortune! — It makes me weep to think what you have brought yourself and me to! How well might you ha' liv'd, Sir, had you been a sober Man! — Let me see—I ha' been in your Service just ten Years: — In the first you married and grew weary of your wife: In the second you whor'd, drank, gam'd, run in Debt, mortgag'd your Estate, and was forc'd to leave the Kingdom: In the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh you made the Tour of *Europe*, with the State and Equipage of a *French Court-Favourite*, while your poor Wife at home broke her Heart for the Loss of you: In the eighth and ninth you grew poor, and little the wiser; and now in the tenth you are resolv'd I shall starve with you.

Love. Despicable Rogue! canst thou not bear the Frowns of a common Strumpet, Fortune?

Snap. — 'Sbud, I never think of the Pearl Necklace you gave that damn'd *Venetian* Strumpet, but I wish her hang'd in't.

Love. Why, Sirrah, I knew I could not have her without it; and I had a Night's Enjoyment of her, was worth a Pope's Revenue for't.

Snap. Ah! you had better ha' laid out your Money here in *London*; I'll undertake you might have had the whole Town over and over for half the Price.—Beside, Sir, what a delicate Creature was your Wife! She was the only celebrated Beauty in Town; I'll undertake there were more Fops and Fools run mad for her — 'Sbud, she was more plagu'd with 'em, and more talk'd of than a good Actress with a Maiden-head! Why the Devil cou'd not she content you?

Love. No, Sirrah; the World to me is a Garden stock'd with all Sorts of Fruit, where the greatest Pleasure we can take, is the Variety of Taste: But a Wife is an eternal Apple-tree; after a Pull or two, you are sure to set your Teeth on Edge.

Snap. And yet I warrant you grudg'd another Man a Bit of her, tho' you valu'd her no more than you wou'd a half-eaten Pippen, that had lain a Week sunning in a Parlour Window. — But see, Sir, who's this? — for methinks I long to meet with an old Acquaintance.

Love.



The Fool in Fashion.



Love. Ha! egad, he looks like one, and may be necessary, as the Case stands with me. —

Snap. Pray Heaven he do but invite us to Dinner!

Enter Young Worthy.

Love. Dear *Worthy*! let me embrace thee; the Sight of an old Friend warms me, beyond that of a new Mistress.

Y. Wor. 'Sdeath! what Bully's this? [*Aside.*] Sir, your Pardon, I don't know you.

Love. Faith, *Will*, I am a little out of Repairs at present: But I am all that's left of honest *Ned Loveless*.

Y. Wor. *Loveless*! I am amaz'd! What means this Metamorphosis? — Faith, *Ned*, I am glad to find thee among the Living however — How long hast thou been in Town?

Love. About three Days. — But prithee, *Will*, how goes the World?

Y. Wor. Why like a Bowl, it runs on at the old Rate; Interest is still the Jack it aims at; and while it rolls, you know, it must of Necessity be often turn'd upside down. — But I doubt, Friend, you have bowled out of the Green, have liv'd a little too fast, [*surveying his Dress*] like one that hath lost all his ready Money, and forc'd to be an idle Spectator. — Prithee, what brought thee at last to *England*?

Love. Why, my last Hopes, faith, which were to persuade Sir *William Wisewou'd* (if he be alive) to whom I mortgaged my Estate, to let me have Five Hundred Pounds more upon it, or else to get some honest Friend to redeem the Mortgage, and share the Overplus. Besides, I thought that *London* might now be a Place of uninterrupted Pleasure; for I hear my Wife is dead: And to tell you the Truth, 'twas the Staleness of her Love was the main Cause of my going over.

Y. Wor. His Wife dead! Ha! I'm glad he knows no other; I won't undeceive him, lest the Rogue should go — and rifle her of what she has. [*Aside.*] Yes, faith, I was at her Burial, and saw her take Possession of her long Home, and am sorry to tell you, *Ned*, she died with Grief: Your wild Courses broke her Heart.

LOVE'S *Last Shift* ; or,

Love. Why, faith, she was a good-natur'd Fool, that's the Truth on't : Well ! rest her Soul.

Snap. Now, Sir, you are a single Man indeed, for you have neither Wife nor Estate.

Y. Wor. But how hast thou improved thy Money beyond Sea ? What hast thou brought over ?

Love. Oh, a great deal of Experience.

Y. Wor. And no Money ?

Snap. Not a Soufe, faith, Sir, as my Belly can testify.

Love. But I have a great deal more Wit than I had.

Snap. Not enough to get your Estate again, or to know where we shall dine to-day. — (O Lord, he don't ask us yet !)

Y. Wor. Why, your Rogue's witty, *Ned* ; where didst thou pick him up ?

Love. Don't you remember *Snap*, formerly your Pimp in Ordinary ? But he is much improved in his Calling, I assure you, Sir.

Y. Wor. I don't doubt it, considering who has been his Master.

Snap. Yes, Sir, I was an humble Servant of yours, and am still, Sir, and should be glad to stand behind your Chair at Dinner, Sir. [Bows.]

Y. Wor. Oh, Sir, that you may do another Time ; but to-day I'm engag'd upon Business ; however, there's a Meal's Meat for you. [Throws him a Guinea.]

Snap. Bless my Eye-sight ! a Guinea ! — Sir, is there e'er a Whore you would have kick'd ? any old Bawds Windows you would have broken ? Shall I beat your Taylor for disappointing you ? If you have Occasion, you may command your humble Servant——

Y. Wor. Sweet Sir, I am obliged to you : But at present am so happy as to have no Occasion for your Assistance. — But hark you, *Ned* ; prithee, what hast thou done with thy Estate ?

Love. I pawn'd it to buy Pleasure ! that is, old Wine, young Whores, and the Conversation of brave Fellows, as mad as myself. Pox ! if a Man hath Appetites, they are Torments, if not indulged. I shall never complain as long as I have Health and Vigour : And as for my Poverty, why the Devil should I be ashamed of that, since a rich Man won't blush at his Knavery ?

Y. Wor.

Y. Wor. Faith, *Ned*, I'm as much in Love with Wickedness as thou canst be, but I am for having it at a cheaper Rate than my Ruin. Don't it grate you a little to see your Friends blush for you?

Love. 'Tis very odd, that People shou'd be more ashamed of others Faults than their own: I never yet cou'd meet with a Man that offered me Counsel, but had more Occasion for it himself.

Y. Wor. So far you may be in the Right: For indeed, good Counsel is like a home Jest, which every busy Fool is offering to his Fellow, and yet won't take it himself; but prithee how wilt thou live, now all your Money's gone?

Love. Live! How dost thou live? thou art but a younger Brother, I take it.

Y. Wor. Oh, very well, Sir! tho' faith, my Father left me but 3000*l.* one of which I gave for a Place at Court, that I still enjoy; the other two are gone after Pleasure, as thou say'st. But besides this, I am supply'd by the continual Bounty of an indulgent Brother: Now, I am loth to load his good Nature too much, and therefore have e'en thought fit, like the rest of my raking Brotherhood, to purge out my wild Humours with Matrimony: By the way, I have taken Care to see the Dose well sweetened with a swinging Portion.

Love. Ah! *Will*, you'll find marrying to cure Lewdness, is like surfeiting to cure Hunger: — But prithee, Friend, what is thy Wife that must be?

Y. Wor. Why, faith, since I believe the Matter is too far gone for any Man to postpone me, (at least, I am sure, thou wilt not do me an Injury to do thyself no Good) I'll tell thee: — You must know, my Mistress is the Daughter of that very Knight to whom you mortgaged your Estate, Sir *William Wise* would.

Love. Why, she's an Heiress, and has 1000*l.* a Year in her own Hands, if she be of Age: But I suppose the old Man knows nothing of your Intentions. Therefore, prithee, how have you had Opportunities of promoting your Love?

Y. Wor. Why thus: — You must know, Sir *William* (being very well acquainted with the Largeness of my

Brother's Estate) designs his Daughter for him ; and to encourage his Passion, offers him, out of his own Pocket, the additional Blessing of 5000*l*. This Offer my Brother, knowing my Inclination, seems to embrace ; but at the same time is really in Love with his Niece, who lives with him in the same House : And therefore, to hide my Design from the old Gentleman, I pretend Visits to his Daughter, as an Intercessor for my Brother only ; and thus he has given me daily Opportunities of advancing my own Interest ; — nay, and I have so contriv'd it, that I design to have the 5000*l*. too.

Love. How is that possible, since I see no Hopes of the old Man's Consent for you ?

Y. Wor. Have a Day's Patience, and you'll see the Effects on't : In a Word, 'tis so sure, that nothing but Delays can hinder my Success ; therefore I am very earnest with my Mistress, that to-morrow may be the Day : But a Pox on't, I have two Women to prevail with ; for my Brother quarrels every other Day with his Mistress ; and while I am reconciling him, I lose Ground in my own Amour.

Love. Why, has not your Mistress told you her Mind yet ?

Y. Wor. She will, I suppose, as soon as she knows it herself ; for within this Week she has chang'd it as often as her Linen, and keeps it as secret too : for she would no more own her Love before my Face, than she would shift herself before my Face.

Love. Pshaw ! she shews it the more, by striving to conceal it.

Y. Wor. Nay, she does give me some Proofs indeed ; for she will suffer nobody but herself to speak ill of me, is always uneasy till I am sent for, never pleas'd when I am with her, and still jealous when I leave her.

Love. Well ! Success to thee, *Will*.

Y. Wor. Ha ! yonder goes my Brother : I am afraid his walking so early, proceeds from some Disturbance in his Love : I must after him, and set him right. — Dear *Ned*, you'll excuse me : Shall I see you at *Almack's* between Five and Six this Afternoon ?

Love.

The Fool in Fashion.

11

Love. With all my Heart :—But, d'ye hear ? —Canst not thou lend me the Fellow to that same Guinea you gave my Man ? I'll give you my Bond, if you mistrust me.

Y. Wor. Oh, Sir, your Necessity is Obligation enough :—There 'tis, and all I have, faith ; when I see you at Night, you may command me farther. —
Adieu : At Six at farthest. [Exit. *Y. Wor.*

Love. Without fail. — So ! Now, Rascal, you are hungry, are you ? Thou deservest never to eat again — Rogue ! grumble before Fortune had quite forsaken us !

Snap. Ah ! dear Sir, the Thoughts of eating again have so transported me, I am resolved to live and die with you.

Love. Look ye, Sirrah, here's that will provide us with a Dinner, and a Brace of Whores into the Bargain.

Snap. Ah ! good Sir ! no Whores before Dinner, I beseech you.

Love. Well, for once I'll take your Advice ; for, to say the Truth, a Man is as unfit to follow Love with an empty Stomach, as Business with an empty Head : Therefore I think a Bit and a Bottle won't be amiss first.

The God of Wine and Love were ever Friends ;

For by the Help of Wine, Love gains his Ends. [Exeunt.

Enter Elder Worthy with a Letter.

El. Wor. How hard is it to find that Happiness which our short-sighted Passions hope from Women ! The Blind are only happy : For if we look thro' Reason's never-erring Perspective, we then survey their Souls, and view the Rubbith we were chaffering for : And such I find *Hillaria's* Mind is made of. This Letter is an Order for the knocking off my Fetters, and I'll send it her immediately.

Enter to him Young Worthy.

Y. Wor. 'Morrow, Brother. [Seeing the Letter.] What, is your Fit return'd again ? What Beaux's Box now has *Hillaria* taken Snuff from ? What Fool has led her from the Box to her Coach ? What Fop has she suffered to read a Play or a Novel to her ? Or whose Money has she indiscreetly won at *Basset* ? — Come, come, let's see

the ghastly Wound she has made in your Quiet, that I may know how much Claret to prescribe you.

El. Wor. I have my Wound and Cure from the same Person, I'll assure you; the one from *Hillaria's* Wit and Beauty, and the other from her Pride and Vanity.

Y. Wor. That's what I cou'd never yet find her guilty of: Are you angry at her loving you?

El. Wor. I am angry at myself, for believing she ever did.

Y. Wor. Have her Actions spoke the contrary? Come, you know she loves.

El. Wor. Indeed she gave a great Proof on't last Night here in the *Park*, by fast'ning on a Fool, and caressing him before my Face, when she might have so easily avoided him.

Y. Wor. What! and I warrant, interrupted you in the Middle of your Sermon; for I don't question but you were preaching to her. But, prithee, who was the Fool she fasten'd upon?

El. Wor. One that Heaven intended for a Man; but the whole Business of his Life is, to make the World believe he is of another Species. He's so fond of a public Reputation, that he is more extravagant in his Attempts to gain it, than the Fool that fir'd *Diana's* Temple to immortalize his Name.

Y. Wor. You have said enough to tell me his Name is Sir *Novelty Fashion*.

El. Wor. The same: But that which most concerns me, he has the Impudence to address *Hillaria*, and the Vanity enough not to discard him.

Y. Wor. Is this all? Why, thou art as hard to please in a Wife, as thy Mistress in a new Gown: How many Women have you took in hand, and yet can't please yourself at last?

El. Wor. I had need to have the best Goods, when I offer so great a Price as Marriage for them: *Hillaria* has some good Qualities, but not enough to make a Wife of.

Y. Wor. She has Beauty.

El. Wor. Granted.

Y. Wor. And Money.

El. Wor. Too much: Enough to supply her Vanity.

Y. Wor.

Y. Wor. She has Sense.

El. Wor. Not enough to believe I am no Fool.

Y. Wor. She has Wit.

El. Wor. Not enough to deceive me.

Y. Wor. Why then you are happy, if she can't deceive you.

El. Wor. Yet she has Folly enough to endeavour it : I'll see her no more, and this shall tell her so.

Y. Wor. Which in an Hour's Time you'll repent, as much as ever —

El. Wor. As ever I should marrying her.

Y. Wor. You'll have a damn'd sneaking Look, when you are forced to ask her Pardon for your ungenerous Suspicion, and lay the Fault upon Excess of Love.

El. Wor. I am not so much in Love as you imagine.

Y. Wor. Indeed, Sir, you are in Love, and that Letter tells her so.

El. Wor. Read it, you'll find it to the contrary.

Y. Wor. Prithee, I know what's in it better than thou do'st : You say, 'tis to take your Leave of her ; but I say, 'tis in hopes of a kind, excusive Answer : But, faith, you mistake her and yourself too ; she is too high-spirited, not to take you at your Word ; and you are too much in Love, not to ask her Pardon.

El. Wor. Well, then, I'll not be too rash, but will shew my Resentment, in forbearing my Visits.

Y. Wor. Your Visits ? Come, I shall soon try what a Man of Resolution you are ! — for yonder she comes : Now, let's see if you have Power to move.

El. Wor. I'll soon convince you of that.—Farewel.

Y. Wor. Ha ! Gone ! I don't like that : I am sorry to find him so resolute : But I hope *Hillaria* has taken too fast hold of his Heart, to let this Fit shake him off : I must to her, and make up this Breach, for while his Amour stands still, I have no hopes of advancing my own.

[*Exit.*

Enter Hillaria, Narcissa, and Amanda in Mourning.

Hil. Well, dear *Amanda*, thou art the most constant Wife I ever heard of, not to shake off the Memory of
an

an ill Husband, after eight or ten Years Absence; nay, to mourn, for aught you know, for the Living too, and such a Husband, that tho' he were alive, would never thank you for it: Why d'ye persist in such a hopeless Grief?

Am. Because 'tis hopeless. For if he be alive, he is dead to me. His dead Affections, not Virtue itself can e'er retrieve: Wou'd I were with him, tho' in his Grave!

Hil. In my Mind you are much better where you are. The Grave! Young Widows use to have warmer Wishes. But, methinks, the Death of a rich old Uncle should be a Cordial to your Sorrows.

Am. That adds to 'em; for he was the only Relation I had left, and was as tender of me as the nearest: He was a Father to me.

Hil. He was better than some Fathers to you; for he died just when you had occasion for his Estate.

Nar. I have an old Father, and the Duce take me, I think he only lives to hinder me of my Occasions; but, Lord bless me, Madam, how can you be unhappy with 2000 *l.* a Year in your own Possession?

Hil. For my Part, the greatest Reason I think you have to grieve is, that you are not sure your Husband's dead; for were that confirm'd, then, indeed, there were hopes that one Poison might drive out another: You might marry again.

Am. All the Comfort of my Life is, that I can tell my Conscience, I have been true to Virtue.

Hil. And to an extravagant Husband, that cares not a Farthing for you. But, come, let's leave this unseasonable Talk, and pray give me a little of your Advice. What shall I do with this Mr. *Worthy*? Wou'd you advise me to make a Husband of him?

Am. I am but an ill Judge of Men; the only one I thought myself secure of, most cruelly deceiv'd me.

Hil. A losing Gamester is fittest to give Warning: What d'ye think of him?

Am. Better than of any Man I know. I read nothing in him but what is some part of a good Man's Character.

Hil.

Hil. He's jealous.

Am. He's a Lover.

Hil. He taxes me with a Fool!

Am. He wou'd preserve your Reputation: And a Fool's Love only ends in the Ruin of it.

Hil. Methinks he's not handsome.

Am. He's a Man, Madam.

Hil. Why then ev'n let him make a Woman of me.

Nar. Pray, Madam, what d'ye think of his Brother?

[*Smiling.*

Am. I would not think of him.

Nar. O dear, why, pray?

Am. He puts me in mind of a Man too like him, one that had Beauty, Wit, and Falshood.

Nar. You have hit some part of his Character, I must confess, Madam; but as to his Truth, I'm sure he loves only me.

Am. I don't doubt but he tells you so; nay, and swears it too.

Nar. O Lord! Madam, I hope I may without Vanity believe him.

Am. But you will hardly, without Magic, secure him.

Nar. I shall use no Spells or Charms, but this poor Face, Madam.

Am. And your Fortune.

Nar. Senseless Malice! [*Aside.*] I know he'd marry me without a Groat.

Am. Then he's not the Man I take him for.

Nar. Why, pray——what do you take him for?

Am. A wild young Fellow, that loves every thing he sees.

Nar. He never lov'd you yet. [*Peevishly.*

Am. I hope, Madam, he never saw any thing in me to encourage him.

Nar. In my Conscience you are in the right on't, Madam; I dare swear he never did, nor e'er wou'd, tho' he gaz'd till Doom's-day.

Am. I hope, Madam, your Charms will prevent his putting himself to the Trial, and I wish he may never—

Nar. Nay, dear Madam, no more railing at him, unless you wou'd have me believe you love him.

Hil. Indeed, Ladies, you are both in the Wrong:

You,

You, Cousin, in being angry at what you desir'd, her Opinion of your Lover; and you, Madam, for speaking Truth against the Man she resolves to love.

Nar. Love him! Prithee, Cousin, no more of that old Stuff.

Hil. Stuff! Why, don't you own you are to marry him this Week? — Here he comes, I suppose you'll tell him another thing in his Ear.

Enter Young Worthy.

Hil. Mr. *Worthy*, your Servant; you look with the Face of Business: What's the News pray?

Y. Wor. Faith, Madam, I have News for you all, and private News too; but that of the greatest Consequence is with this Lady. Your Pardon, Ladies; I'll whisper with you all, one after another.

Nar. Come, Cousin, will you walk? The Gentleman has Business; we shall interrupt him.

Hil. Why really, Cousin, I don't say positively you love Mr. *Worthy*; but, I vow, this looks very like Jealousy.

Nar. Pish! Lord! *Hillaria*, you are in a very odd Humour to-day. But to let you see I have no such weak Thoughts about me, I'll wait as unconcern'd as yourself. (I'll rattle him.) [Aside.

Am. Not unpleasing, say you? Pray, Sir, unfold yourself, for I have long despair'd of welcome News.

Y. Wor. Then in a Word, Madam, your Husband, Mr. *Lovely*, is in Town, and has been these three days; I parted with him an Hour ago.

Am. In Town! you amaze me! for Heaven's sake go on.

Y. Wor. Faith, Madam, considering *Italy*, and those Parts have furnish'd him with nothing but an Improvement of that Lewdness he carry'd over, I can't properly give you Joy of his Arrival: Besides, he is so very poor, that you wou'd take him for an Inhabitant of that Country. And when I confirm'd your being dead, he only shook his Head, and call'd you good-natur'd Fool, or to that Effect; nay, tho' I told him his Unkindness broke your Heart.

Am.

Am. Barbarous Man! not shed a Tear upon my Grave? But why did you tell him I was dead?

Y. Wor. Because, Madam, I thought you had no mind to have your House plunder'd; and for another Reason, which, if you dare listen to me, perhaps you'll not dislike: In a Word, 'tis such a Stratagem, that will either make him ashamed of his Folly, or in love with your Virtue.

Am. Can there be a Hope, when ev'n my Death cou'd not move him to a relenting Sigh? Yet, pray instruct me, Sir.

Y. Wor. You know, Madam, 'twas not above four or five Months after you were marry'd, but, (as most young Husbands do) he grew weary of you. Now, I am confident, 'twas more an Affectation of being fashionably vicious, than any reasonable Dislike he cou'd either find in your Mind or Person: Therefore cou'd you, by some Artifice, pass upon him as a new Mistress, I am apt to believe you wou'd find none of the wonted Coldness in his Love, but a younger Heat and fierce Desire.

Am. Suppose this done; what could be the Consequence?

Y. Wor. Oh, your having then a just Occasion to reproach him with his broken Vows, and to let him see the Weakness of his deluded Fancy, which even in a Wife, while unknown, cou'd find those real Charms, which he denied were in a virtuous Woman; who knows but this, with a little submissive Eloquence, may strike him with so great a Sense of Shame, as may reform his Thoughts, and fix him yours?

Am. You have reviv'd me, Sir; But how can I assure myself that he'll like me as a Mistress?

Y. Wor. From your being a new one—Leave the Management of all to me: I have a Trick shall draw him to your Bed: I'll engage he likes you as a Mistress, though he cou'd not as a Wife.

Am. You have oblig'd me, Sir; if I succeed, the Glory shall be yours.

Y. Wor. I'll wait on you, and consult how I may be farther serviceable to you: But you must put this in speedy Execution, lest he should hear of you, and prevent

vent your Design ; in the mean time, 'tis a Secret to all the World but yourself and me.

Am. I'll study to be grateful, Sir.

Y. Wor. Now for you, Madam. [To Hillaria.

Nar. So ! I am to be last serv'd : Very well. [*Aside.*

Y. Wor. My Brother, Madam, confesses he scattered some rough Words last Night ; and I take the Liberty to tell you, you gave him some Provocation.

Hil. That may be ; but I'm resolv'd to be Mistress of my Actions before Marriage, and no Man shall usurp a Power over me, till I give it him.

Y. Wor. At least, Madam, consider what he said as the Effects of an impatient Passion ; and give him Leave this Afternoon to set all right again.

Hil. Well, if I don't find myself out of Order after Dinner, perhaps I may step into the Garden : But I won't promise you neither.

Y. Wor. I dare believe you without it. — Now, Madam, I am your humble Servant. [To *Nar.*

Nar. And every Body's humble Servant. [*Walks off.*

Y. Wor. Why, Madam, I am come to tell you —

Nar. What Success you had with that Lady, I suppose — I don't mind Intrigues, Sir.

Y. Wor. I like this Jealousy, however, tho' I scarce know how to appease it. [*Aside.*] 'Tis Business of Moment, Madam, and may be done in a Moment.

Nar. Yours is done with me, Sir ; but my Business is not so soon done as you imagine.

Y. Wor. In a Word, I have very near reconcil'd my Brother and your Cousin, and I don't doubt but tomorrow will be the Day ; If I were but as well assur'd of your Consent for my Happiness too —

Nar. First tell me your Discourse with that Lady ; and afterwards, if you can, look me in the Face—Oh, are you studying, Sir ?

Y. Wor. 'Sdeath ! I must not trust her with it ; she'll tell it the whole Town for a Secret — Pox ! ne'er a Lie ? [*Aside.*

Nar. You said it was of the greatest Consequence too.

Y. Wor. A good Hint, faith. [*Aside.*] Why, Madam, since you will needs force it from me, 'twas to desire her

to advance my Interest with you : But all my intreaties could not prevail ; for she told me, I was unworthy of you : Was not this of Consequence, Madam ?

Nar. Nay, now I must believe you, *Mr. Worthy*, and I ask your Pardon ; for she was just railing against you for a Husband before you came.

Y. Wor. Oh ! Madam, a favour'd Lover, like a good Poem, for the Malice of some few, makes the generous Temper more admire it.

Nar. Nay, what she said, I must confess, had much the same Effect, as the Coffee-Criticks ridiculing Prince *Arthur* ; for I found a pleasing Disappointment in my reading you ; and till I see your Beauties equall'd, I shan't dislike you for a few Faults.

Y. Wor. Then, since you have blest me with your good Opinion, let me beg of you, before these Ladies, to complete my Happiness to-morrow. Let this be the last Night of your lying alone.

Nar. What d'ye mean ?

Y. Wor. To marry you to-morrow, Madam.

Nar. Marry me ! Who put that in your Head ?

Y. Wor. Some Encouragement which my Hopes have form'd, Madam.

Nar. Hopes ! Oh, Insolence ! D'ye think I can be mov'd to love a Man, to kiss, and toy with him, and so forth ?

Y. Wor. I'gad, I find nothing but downright Impudence will do with her. [*Aside.*] No, Madam, 'tis the Man must kiss, and toy with you, and so forth. Come, my dear Angel, pronounce the joyful Word, and draw the Scene of my eternal Happiness. Ah ! methinks I'm there already, eager and impatient of approaching Bliss ! Just laid within the Bridal-bed ; our Friends retir'd ; the Curtains close drawn around us ; no Light but *Celia's* Eyes ; no Noise but her soft trembling Words, and broken Sighs, that plead in vain for Mercy. And now a trickling Tear steals down her glowing Cheek, which tells the happy Lover at Length she yields ; yet vows she'd rather die ; but still submits to the unexperienc'd Joy.

[*Embracing her.*]

Hil. What Raptures, *Mr. Worthy* ?

Y. Wor.

Y. Wor. Only the Force of Love in Imagination, Madam.

Nar. O Lord ! dear Cousin, and Madam, let's be gone ! I vow he grows rude. Oh, for Heaven's Sake ! I shan't shake off my Fright these ten Days : O Lord ! I will not stay — Be gone ; for I declare I loath the Sight of you. [Exit.]

Y. Wor. I hope you'll stand my Friend, Madam.

Hil. I'll get her into the Garden after Dinner. [Exeunt.]

Y. Wor. I find there's nothing to be done with my Lady before Company ; 'tis a strange affected Piece — But there's no Fault in her 1000*l.* a Year, and that's the Loadstone that attracts my Heart — The Wife and Grave may tell us of strange Chimæras called Virtues in a Woman, and that they alone are the best Dowry ; but, faith, we younger Brothers are of another Mind.

Women are chang'd from what they were of old :

Therefore let Lovers still this Maxim hold,

She's only Worth, that brings her Weight in Gold.

[Exit.]



A C T II.

The SCENE, a Garden belonging to Sir William Wisewou'd's House.

Enter Narcissa, Hillaria, and Sir Novelty Fashion.

HILLARIA.

 H ! for Heaven's Sake ! no more of this Gallantry, Sir *Novelty* : For I know you say the same to every Woman you see.

 Sir *Nov.* Every one that sees you, Madam, must say the same. Your Beauty, like the Rack, forces every Beholder to confess his Crime — of daring to adore you.

Nar. Oh ! I han't Patience to hear all this. If he be blind, I'll open his Eyes. [Aside.] I vow, Sir *Novelty*, you Men of Amour are strange Creatures : You think

no

no Woman worth your while, unless you walk over a Rival's Ruin to her Heart: I know nothing has encourag'd your Passion to my Cousin more, than her Engagement to Mr. *Worthy*.

Hil. Poor Creature! Now is she angry she ha'n't the Address of a Fop I nauseate. [*Aside.*]

Sir Nov. Oh! Madam, as to that I hope the Lady will easily distinguish the Sincerity of her Adorers. Tho' I must allow, Mr. *Worthy* is infinitely the handsomer Person.

Nar. O fie! Sir *Novelty*, make not such a preposterous Comparison.

Sir Nov. Oh Ged! Madam, there's no Comparison.

Nar. Pardon me, Sir, he's an unpolish'd Animal.

Sir Nov. Why, does your Ladyship really think me tolerable?

Hil. So! she has snapt his Heart already. [*Aside.*]

Sir Nov. Pray, Madam, how do I look to-day? — What, cursedly? I'll warrant; — I don't know, Madam: — 'Tis true — the Town does talk of me indeed; — but the Devil take me, in my Mind, I am a very ugly Fellow.

Nar. Now you are too severe, Sir *Novelty*.

Sir Nov. Not I, burn me: — for Heaven's Sake deal freely with me, Madam; and if you can, tell me — one tolerable Thing about me.

Hil. 'Twould pose me, I'm sure. [*Aside.*]

Nar. Oh! Sir *Novelty*, this is unanswerable; 'tis hard to know the brightest Part of a Diamond.

Sir Nov. You'll make me blush, stop my Vitals, Madam. — [I'gad, I always said she was a Woman of Sense. Strike me dumb, I am in Love with her. — I'll try her farther. [*Aside.*] But, Madam, is it possible I may vie with Mr. *Worthy*? — Not that he is any Rival of mine, Madam; for I can assure you, my Inclinations lie where, perhaps, your Ladyship little thinks.

Hil. So! now I am rid of him. [*Aside.*]

Sir Nov. But, pray tell me, Madam; for I really love a severe Critick: I am sure you must believe he has a more happy Genius in Dress: For my Part, I am but a Sloven.

Nar.

Nar. He is a Genius unsufferable! Why he dresses worse than a Captain of the Militia : But you, Sir *Novelty*, are a true Original, the very Pink of Fashion : I'll warrant you there's not a Milliner in Town but has got an Estate by you.

Sir Nov. I must confess, Madam, I am for doing good to my Country : For you see this Suit, Madam — I suppose you are not ignorant what a hard Time the Ribband Weavers have had since the late Mourning : Now my Design is to set the poor Rogues up again, by recommending this Sort of Trimming : The Fancy is pretty well for second Mourning. — By the way, Madam, I had fifteen hundred Guineas laid in my Hand, as a Gratitude to encourage it : But, I'gad, I refused 'em, being too well acquainted with the Consequence of taking a Bribe in a National Concern.

Hil. A very Charitable Fashion, indeed, Sir *Novelty* ! But how if it should not take ?

Nar. Ridiculous ! Take ! I warrant you in a Week the whole Town will have it ; tho' perhaps Mr. *Worthy* will be one of the last of 'em : He's a mere *Valet de Chambre* to all Fashions ; and never is in any till his Betters have left them off.

Sir Nov. Nay, Ged, now I must laugh ; for the Dev'l take me, if I did not meet him, not above a Fortnight ago, in a Coat with Buttons no bigger than Nutmegs.

Hil. There, I must confess, you out-do him, Sir *Novelty*.

Sir Nov. Oh, dear Madam, why mine are not above three Inches Diameter.

Hil. But methinks, Sir *Novelty*, your Sleeve is a little too extravagant.

Sir Nov. Nay, Madam, there you wrong me ; mine does but reach my Knuckles, but my Lord *Overdo's* cover his Diamond Ring.

Hil. Nay, I confess the Fashion may be very useful to you Gentlemen that make Campaigns : For should you unfortunately lose an Arm, or so, that Sleeve might be very convenient to hide the Defect on't.

Sir Nov. Hah ! I think your Ladyship's in the right on't, Madam.

[*Hiding his Hand in his Sleeve.*

Nar.

Nar. Oh ! such an Air ! so becoming a Negligence—
Upon my Soul, Sir *Novelty*, you'll be the Envy of the
Beau Monde.

Hil. Mr. *Worthy* ! a good Fancy were thrown away upon
him ; but you, Sir, are an Ornament to your Clothes.

Sir Nov. Then your Ladyship really thinks they are
— *Bien entendue* ?

Hil. A *Mar-veil*, *Monsieur*.

Sir Nov. She has almost as much Wit as her Cousin.
[*Aside.*] I must confess, Madam, this Coat has had a uni-
versal Approbation ; for this Morning I had all the emi-
nent Taylors in Town at my Levee, earnestly petition-
ing for the first Measure of it : Now Madam, if you
thought it would oblige Mr. *Worthy*, I would let his
Taylor have it before any of 'em.

Nar. See, here he comes, and the Duce take me, I
think 'twould be a great Piece of Good-nature ; for
I declare he looks as rough as a *Dutch Corporal* —
Prithee, Sir *Novelty*, let's laugh at him.

Sir Nov. O Ged ! no, Madam, that were too cruel :
Why, you know he can't help it.—Let's take no Notice
of him.

Hil. Wretched Coxcomb !

[*Aside.*

Enter Elder Worthy.

El. Wor. I find my Resolution is but vain, my Feet
have brought me hither against my Will : But sure I can
command my Tongue, which I'll bite off ere it shall seek
a Reconciliation. Still so familiar there ! But 'tis no mat-
ter, I'll try if I can wear Indifference, and seem as care-
less in my Love as she is of her Honour, which she can
never truly know the Worth of, while she persists to let a
Fool thus play with it. [*Aside.*] Ladies your humble
Servant.

Hil. Now I can't forbear fretting his Spleen a little.
[*Aside.*] Oh ! Mr. *Worthy*, we are admiring Sir *Novelty*,
and his new Suit : Did you ever see so sweet a Fancy ?
He is as full of Variety as a good Play.

El. Wor. He's a very pleasant Comedy, indeed, Ma-
dam ; and dress'd with a great deal of good Satire, and, no
doubt, may oblige both the Stage and the Town, espe-
cially the Ladies.

Hil.

Hil. So ! There's for me — [*Aside.*

Sir Nov. O Ged ! Nay, prithee, *Tom*, you know my Humour—Ladies (Stop my Vitals) I don't believe there are five Hundred in Town that ever took any Notice of me.

El. Wor. Oh, Sir, there are some that take so much Notice of you, that the Town takes Notice of them for't.

Hil. It works rarely. [*Aside.*

Sir Nov. How of them, *Tom*, upon my Account ? O Ged, I wou'd not be the Ruin of any Lady's Reputation, for the World. Stop my Vitals, I'm very sorry for't : Prithee name but one that has a favourable Thought of me : And to convince you that I have no Design upon her, I'll instantly visit her in an unpowder'd Periwig.

El. Wor. Nay, she I mean is a Woman of Sense too.

Sir Nov. Phoo ! Prithee, pox, don't banter me : 'Tis impossible : What can she see in me ?

El. Wor. Oh, a thousand taking Qualities. This Lady will inform you — Come, I'll introduce you. [*Pulls him.*

Sir Nov. O Ged, no. Prithee — hark you in your Ear — I am off of her ; Demme, if I ben't : I am, stop my Vitals —

El. Wor. Wretched Rogue ! [*Aside.*] P'shaw, no matter ? I'll reconcile you. Come, Madam.

Hil. Sir.

El. Wor. This Gentleman humbly begs to kiss your Hand.

Hil. He needs not your Recommendation, Sir.

El. Wor. True ; a Fool recommends himself to your Sex, and that's the Reason Men of common Sense live unmarried.

Hil. A Fool without Jealousy, is better than a Wit with Ill-nature.

El. Wor. A friendly Office, seeing your Fault, is Ill-nature.

Hil. Believing more than we have, is pitiful. — You know I hate this Wretch, loath, and scorn him.

El. Wor. Fools have a secret Art of pleasing Women : If he did not delight you, you wou'd not hazard your Reputation by encouraging his Love.

Hil. Dares he wrong my Reputation ?

El. Wor. He need not ; the World will do it for him, while you keep him Company.

Hil. I dare answer it to the World.

El. Wor. Then why not to me ?

Hil. To satisfy you, were a Fondness I never should forgive myself.

El. Wor. To persist in it, is what I'll never forgive.

Hil. Insolence ! is it come to this ? Never see me more.

El. Wor. I have lost the Sight of you already ; there hangs a Cloud of Folly between you and the Woman I once thought you.

[*As Hillaria is going off, Enter Young Worthy.*

Y. Wor. *What to ourselves in Passion we propose ;
The Passion ceasing, does the Purpose lose.*

Madam, therefore, pray let me engage you to stay a little till your Resentment is over, that you may see whether you have reason to be angry, or no.

Sir Nov. [To *Nar.*] Pray, Madam, who is that Gentleman !

Nar. Mr. *Worthy's* Brother, Sir ; a Gentleman of no mean Parts, I can assure you.

Sir Nov. I don't doubt it, Madam. — He has a very good Pe iwig.

Hil. To be jealous of me with a Fool, is an Affront to my Understanding.

Y. Wor. Tamely to resign your Reputation to the merciless Vanity of a Fool, were no Proof of his Love.

Hil. 'Tis questioning my Conduct.

Y. Wor. Why, you let him kiss your Hand last Night before my Face.

Hil. The Fool diverted me, and I gave him my Hand, as I would lend my Money, Fan, or Handkerchief to a Legerdemain, that I might see him play all his Tricks over.

Y. Wor. O, Madam, no Juggler is so deceitful as a Fop ; for while you look his Folly in the Face, he steals away your Reputation with more ease than the other picks your Pocket.

Hil. Some Fools indeed are dangerous.

B

Y. Wor.

Y. Wor. I grant you, your Design is only to laugh at him ; but that's more than he finds out : Therefore you must expect he will tell the World another Story ; and 'tis ten to one but the Consequence makes you repent your Curiosity.

Hil. You speak like an Oracle : I tremble at the Thoughts on't.

Y. Wor. Here's one shall reconcile your Fears — Brother, I have done your Business : *Hillaria* is convinc'd of her Indiscretion, and has a Pardon ready for your asking it.

El. Wor. She's the Criminal ; I have no Occasion for it.

Y. Wor. See, she comes toward you ; give her a civil Word at least.

Hil. Mr. *Worthy*, I'll not be behind-hand in the Acknowledgment I owe you : I freely confess my Folly, and forgive your harsh Construction of it : Nay, I'll not condemn your want of Good-nature, in not endeavouring (as your Brother has done) by mild Arguments to convince me of my Error.

El. Wor. Now you vanquish me ! I blush to be out-done in generous Love ! I am your Slave, dispose of me as you please.

Hil. No more ; from this Hour be you the Master of my Actions, and my Heart.

El. Wor. This Goodness gives you the Power, and I obey with Pleasure.

Y. Wor. So ! I find I han't preach'd to no Purpose. Well, Madam, if you find him guilty of Love, e'en let to-morrow be his Execution Day ; make a Husband of him, and there's the Extent of Love's Law.

El. Wor. Brother, I am indebted to you.

Y. Wor. Well, I'll give you a Discharge, if you'll but leave me half an Hour in private with that Lady.

Hil. How will you get rid of Sir *Novelty* ?

Y. Wor. I warrant you ; leave him to me.

Hil. Come, Mr. *Worthy*, as we walk, I will inform you how I intend to sacrifice that Wretch to your Laughter.

El. Wor.

El. Wor. Not, Madam, that I want Revenge on so contemptible a Creature: But I think you owe this Justice to yourself, to let him see (if possible) you never took him for any other than what he really is.

Y. Wor. Well! Pox on your Politicks: Prithee consult of 'em within.

Hil. We'll obey you, Sir.

[*Exeunt Elder Worthy and Hillaria.*]

Y. Wor. Pray give me Leave to beg a Word in private with you, Sir, if you please.

[*To Sir Novelty, who is taking Snuff.*]

Sir Nov. Ay, Sir, with all my Heart.

Y. Wor. Sir —

Sir Nov. Nay, 'tis right I'll assure you. [*Offering his Box.*]

Y. Wor. Ay, Sir — but now the Lady wou'd be alone.

Sir Nov. Sir.

Y. Wor. The Lady wou'd be alone, Sir.

Sir Nov. I don't hear her say any such thing.

Y. Wor. Then I tell you so, and I wou'd advise you to believe me.

Sir Nov. I shall not take your Advice, Sir: But if you really think the Lady wou'd be alone, why — you had best leave her.

Y. Wor. In short, Sir, your Company is very unreasonable at present.

Sir Nov. I can tell you, Sir, if you have no more Wit than Manners, the Lady will be but scurvily entertain'd.

Nar. Oh, fie, Gentlemen! no quarrelling before a Woman, I beseech you. Pray let me know the Business.

Sir Nov. My Business is Love, Madam.

Nar. And yours, Sir.

Y. Wor. What I hope you are no Stranger to, Madam. As for that Spark, you need take no Care of him; for if he stays much longer, I will do his Business myself.

Nar. Well, I vow, Love's a pleasant Thing, when the Men come to cutting of Throats once. O Gad! I'd fain have them fight a little — Methinks *Narcissa* wou'd sound so great in an expiring Lover's Mouth — Well, I am resolv'd *Sir Novelty* shall not go yet; for I will have the Pleasure of hearing myself prais'd a little; tho'

I don't marry this Month for't. [*Aside.*] Come, Gentlemen, since you both say Love's your Buſineſs, e'en plead for yourselves ; and he that ſpeaks the greateſt Paſſion, ſhall have the faireſt Return.

Y. Wor. Oh, the Devil ! now is ſhe wrapt with the Hopes of a little Flattery. There's no Remedy but Patience. S'death ! What a Piece have I to work upon ?
[*Aside.*]

Nar. Come, Gentlemen, one at a Time. Sir *Novelty*, what have you to ſay to me ?

Sir Nov. In the firſt place, Madam, I was the firſt Perſon in *England* that was complimented with the Name of *Beau*, which is a Title I prefer before Right Honourable : For that may be inherited ; but this I extorted from the whole Nation, by my ſurprizing Mien, and unexampled Gallantry,

Nar. So, Sir.

Sir Nov. Then another Thing, Madam : It has been obſerved, that I have been eminently ſucceſſful in thoſe Faſhions I have recommended to the Town ; and I don't queſtion but this very Suit will raiſe as many Ribband-Weavers, as ever the clipping or melting Trade did Goldſmiths.

Nar. Fiſh ! What does the Fool mean ! he ſays nothing of me yet. [*Aside.*]

Sir Nov. In a Word, Madam, there has never been any thing particularly taking or agreeable for theſe ten Years paſt, but your humble Servant was the Author of it.

Y. Wor. Where the Devil will this end ? [*Aside.*]

Nar. This is all extravagant, Sir *Novelty* : But what have you to ſay to me, Sir ?

Sir Nov. I'll come to you preſently, Madam, I have juſt done : Then you muſt know, my Coach and Equipage are as well known as myſelf ; and ſince the Convenience of two Play-houſes, I have a better Opportunity of ſhewing them : For between every Act — Whiſk — I am gone from one to th' other : Oh ! what Pleaſure 'tis, at a good Play, to get out before half an Act's done ?

Nar. Why at a good Play ?

Sir

Sir Nov. O, Madam, it looks particular, and gives the whole Audience an Opportunity of turning upon me at once: Then do they conclude I have some extraordinary Business, or a fine Woman to go to at least: And then again, it shews my Contempt of what the dull Town think their chief Diversion: But if I do stay a Play out, I always sit with my Back to the Stage.

Nar. Why so, Sir?

Sir Nov. Then every one will imagine I have been tir'd with it before; or that I am jealous Who talks to Who in the King's Box. And thus, Madam, do I take more Pains to preserve a public Reputation, than ever any Lady took, after the Small-pox, to recover her Complexion.

Nar. Well, but to the Point: What have you to say to me, *Sir Novelty*?

Y. Wor. Now does she expect some Compliment shall out-flatter her Glafs. [*Aside.*]

Sir Nov. To you, Madam? — Why, I have been saying all this to you.

Nar. To what End, Sir?

Sir Nov. Why, all this I have done for your sake.

Nar. What Kindness is it to me?

Sir Nov. Why, Madam, don't you think it more Glory to be beloved by one eminently particular Person, whom all the Town knows and talks of, than to be ador'd by five hundred dull Souls that have lived incognito?

Nar. That, I must confess, is a prevailing Argument; but still you ha'n't told me, why you love me.

Y. Wor. That's a Task he has left for me, Madam.

Sir Nov. 'Tis a Province I never undertake, I must confess: I think 'tis sufficient, if I tell a Lady why she shou'd love me.

Nar. Hang him! he's too conceited: he's so in love with himself, he won't allow a Woman the bare Comfort of a cold Compliment. [*Aside.*] Well, Mr. *Worthy*.

Y. Wor. Why, Madam, I have observed several particular Qualities in your Ladyship, that I have perfectly ador'd you for; as the majestic Toss of your Head; — your obliging bow Court'sy; — your satyrical Smile; — your blushing Laugh; — your demure Look; — the

genteel Flirt of your Fan ; — the design'd Accident in your letting it fall, and your agreeable Manner of receiving it from him that takes it up.

[*What he speaks, she imitates in dumb Shew.*

[*They both offer to take up her Fan ; and in striving*

Y. Worthy pushes Sir Novelty on his Back.

Sir Now. [*Adjusting himself*] I hope your Ladyship will excuse my Disorder, Madam — How now !

Enter a Footman to Sir Novelty.

Foot. Oh, Sir ! Mrs. Flarrit —

Sir Now. Ha ! speak lower : What of her ?

Foot. By some unlucky Accident has discover'd your being here, and raves like a mad Woman. She's at your Lodging, Sir, and had broke you above forty Pounds worth of China before I came away. She talk'd of following you hither ; and if you don't make haste, I'm afraid will be here, before you can get through the House, Sir.

Sir Now. This Woman's certainly the Devil ; her Jealousy is implacable ; I must get rid of her, tho' I give her more for a separate Maintenance, than her Conscience demanded for a Settlement before Enjoyment. — See the Coach ready ; and if you meet her, be sure you stop her with some pretended Business, 'till I'm got away from hence. — Madam, I ask your Ladyship ten thousand Pardons ; there's a Person of Quality expects me at my Lodging, upon extraordinary Business.

Nar. What, will you leave us, Sir Novelty ?

Sir Now. As unwilling as the Soul the Body ; but this is an irresistible Occasion. — Madam, your most devoted Slave. — Sir, your most humble Servant. — Madam, I kiss your Hand. — O Ged, no farther, dear Sir ; upon my Soul I won't stir if you do —

[*Y. Worthy sees him to the Door.*

[*Exit Sir Nov.*

Y. Wor. Nay then, Sir, your humble Servant. So ! this was a lucky Deliverance.

Nar. I overheard the Business. — You see, Mr. Worthy, a Man must be a Slave to a Mistress sometimes, as well as

as a Wife; yet all can't persuade your Sex to a favourable Opinion of poor Marriage.

Y. Wor. I long, Madam, for an Opportunity to convince you of your Error; and therefore give me leave to hope to-morrow you will free me from the Pain of farther Expectation, and make a Husband of me.—Come, I'll spare your Blushes, and believe I have already nam'd the Day.

Nar. Had not we better consider a little?

Y. Wor. No, let's avoid Consideration, 'tis an Enemy both to Love and Courage: They that consider much, live to be old Batchelors, and young Fighters. No, no; we shall have Time enough to consider after Marriage. —

Nar. What, then you take Marriage to be a Kind of Jesuit's Powder, that infallibly cures the Fever of Love?

Y. Wor. 'Tis indeed a Jesuit's Powder, for the Priests first invented it; and only obtained from it, because they knew it had a bitter Taste; then gilded it over with a pretended Blessing, and so palm'd it upon the unthinking Laity.

Nar. Prithee don't screw your Wit beyond the Compass of good Manners. — Dye think I shall be tun'd to Matrimony by your railing against it? If you have so little Stomach to it, I'll ev'n make you fast a Week longer.

Y. Wor. Ay, but let me tell you, Madam, 'Tis no Policy to keep a Lover at a thin Diet, in Hopes to raise his Appetite on the Wedding Night; for then

*We come like starving Beggars to a Feast,
Where, unconfin'd, we feed with eager haste,
Till each repeated Morsel palls the Taste.
Marriage gives Prodigals a boundless Treasure,
Who squander that, which might be lasting Pleasure.*

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A C T III.

The SCENE, Sir William Wisewou'd's House.

Enter Amanda and Hillaria, meeting.

A M A N D A.

Y Dear, I have News for you.

Hil. I guess at it, and fain wou'd be satisfied of the Particulars : Your Husband is return'd, and, I hear, knows nothing of your being alive : Young *Worthy* has told me of your Design upon him.

Am. 'Tis that I wanted your Advice in : What think you of it ?

Hil. O ! I admire it : Next to forgetting your Husband, 'tis the best Counsel was ever given you ; for under the Disguise of a Mistress, you may now take a fair Advantage of indulging your Love ; and the little Experience you have had of it already, has been just enough not to let you be afraid of a Man.

Am. Will you never leave your mad Humour ?

Hil. Not till my Youth leaves me : Why should Women affect Ignorance among themselves ? When we converse with Men, indeed, Modesty and good Breeding oblige us not to understand what, sometimes, we caⁿ't help thinking of.

Am. Nay, I don't think the worse of you for what you say : For 'tis observ'd, that a bragging Lover, and an over-shy Lady, are the farthest from what they would seem ; the one is as seldom known to receive a Favour, as the other to resist an Opportunity.

Hil.

Hil. Most Women have a wrong Sense of Modesty, as some Men of Courage ; if you don't fight with all you meet, or run from all you see, you are presently thought a Coward, or an ill Woman.

Am. You say true ; and 'tis as hard a Matter, now-a-days, for a Woman to know how to converse with Men, as for a Man to know when to draw his Sword : For many Times both Sexes are apt to over act their Parts. Therefore, dear *Hillaria*, help me, for I am at a Loss. — Can I justify, think you, my intended Design upon my Husband ?

Hil. As how, prithee ?

Am. Why, If I court and conquer him as a Mistress, am not I accessory to his violating the Bonds of Marriage ? For tho' I'm his Wife, yet while he loves me not as such, I encourage an unlawful Passion ; and tho' the Act be safe, yet his Intent is criminal : How can I answer this ?

Hil. Very easily ; for if he don't intrigue with you, he will with somebody else in the mean time.

Am. Ay, but I am assured, the Love he will pretend to me is vicious : And 'tis uncertain that I shall prevent his doing worse elsewhere.

Hil. 'Tis true a certain Ill ought not to be done for an uncertain Good. But then again, of two Evils, chuse the least ; and sure 'tis less criminal to let him love you as a Mistress, than to let him hate you as a Wife. If you succeed, I suppose you will easily forgive your Guilt in the Undertaking.

Am. To say Truth, I find no Argument yet strong enough to conquer my Inclination to it. But is there no Danger, think you, of his knowing me ?

Hil. Not the least, in my Opinion : In the first Place, he confidently believes you are dead : Then he has not seen you these eight or ten Years : This, with the Alteration the Small pox have made you (tho' not for the worse) I think, are sufficient Disguises to secure you from his Knowledge.

Am. Nay, and to this I may add, the considerable Amendment of my Fortune ; for when he left me, I had

only my bare Jointure for a Subsistence : Besides my strange Manner of receiving him —

Hil. That's what I wou'd fain be acquainted with.

Am. I expect farther Instructions from Mr. *Worthy* every Moment ; then you shall know all, my Dear.

Hil. Nay, he will do you no small Service : For a Thief is the best Thief-catcher.

Enter a Servant to Amanda.

Serv. Madam, your Servant is below, who says young Mr. *Worthy's* Man waits at your Lodgings with earnest Business from his Master.

Am. 'Tis well. — Come, my Dear, I must have your Assistance too.

Hil. With all my Heart : Methinks, you don't look with a good Heart upon the Business.

Am. I can't help a little Concern in a Business of such Moment. For tho' my Reason tells me my Design must prosper, yet my Fears say 'twere Happiness too great. — Oh ! to reclaim the Man I'm bound by Heaven to love, to expose the Folly of a roving Mind, in pleasing him with what he seem'd to loath, were such a sweet Revenge for slighted Love, so vast a Triumph of rewarded Constancy, as might persuade the looser Part of Womankind ev'n to forsake themselves, and fall in Love with Virtue.

Re-enter the Servant to Hillaria.

Serv. Sir *Novelty Fashion* is below in his Coach, Madam, and enquires for your Ladyship, or Madam *Narcissa*.

Hil. You know my Cousin is gone out with my Lady *Tattle-tongue* : I hope you did not tell him I was within.

Serv. No, Madam, I did not know if your Ladyship wou'd be spoke with, and therefore came to see.

Hil. Then tell him I went with her.

Serv. I shall, Madam.

[*Exit Servant.*

Hil. You must know, my Dear, I have sent to that Fury, Mrs. *Flareit*, whom this Sir *Novelty* keeps, and have stung her to some Purpose with an Account of his
Passion

Passion for my Cousin : I ow'd him a Quarrel, for that he made between Mr. *Worthy* and me, and I hope her Jealousy will severely revenge it ; therefore I sent my Cousin out of the Way, because (unknown to her) her Name is at the Bottom of my Design.—Here he comes : Prithee, my Dear, let's go down the Back-stairs, and take Coach from the Garden. —————

[*Exeunt Am. and Hil.*

Re-enter the Servant, conducting Sir Novelty.

Sir Nov. Both the Ladies abroad, say you ? Is Sir *William* within ?

Serv. Yes, Sir ; if you please to walk in, I'll acquaint him that you expect him here.

Sir Nov. Do so, prithee ; — and in the mean time let me consider what I have to say to him.—Hold—in the first Place, his Daughter is in Love with me. —Wou'd I marry her ? No ; Demn it, 'tis mechanical to marry the Woman you love ; Men of Quality should alway marry those they never saw — But I hear *Young Worthy* marries her to-morrow ; which if I prevent not, will spoil my Design upon her. Let me see — I have it — I'll persuade the old Fellow, that I wou'd marry her myself ; upon which he immediately rejects *Young Worthy*, and gives me free Access to her—Good—What follows upon that ? Opportunity, Importunity, Resistance, Force, Entreaty, Persisting — Doubting, Swearing, Lying, — Blushes, Yielding, Victory, Pleasure — Indifference — O ! here he comes *in ordine ad* —

Enter Sir William Wisewou'd.

Sir Will. *Sir Novelty*, your Servant : Have you any Commands for me, Sir ?

Sir Nov. I have some Proposals to make, Sir, concerning your Happiness and my own, which, perhaps, will surprize you. In a Word, Sir, I am upon the very Brink of Matrimony.

Sir *Will.* 'Tis the best Thing you can pursue, Sir, considering you have a good Estate.

Sir *Nov.* But whom do you think I intend to marry ?

Sir *Will.* I can't imagine. Dear Sir, be brief, lest your Delay transport me into a Crime I wou'd avoid, which is Impatience. Sir, pray go on.

Sir *Nov.* In fine, Sir, 'tis to your very Daughter, the fair *Narcissa*.

Sir *Will.* Humph—Pray, Sir, how long have you had this in your Head ?

Sir *Nov.* Above these two Hours, Sir.

Sir *Will.* Very good ! then you ha'n't slept upon't ?

Sir *Nov.* No, nor shan't sleep, for thinking on't. Did not I tell you I wou'd surprize you ?

Sir *Will.* O ! you have indeed, Sir : I am amaz'd ! I am amaz'd !

Sir *Nov.* Well, Sir, and what think you of my Proposal ?

Sir *Will.* Why truly, Sir, I like it not : but if I did, 'tis now too late ; my Daughter is dispos'd of to a Gentleman that she and I like very well : At present, Sir, I have a little Business : If this be all, your humble Servant, I am in Haste.

Sir *Nov.* Demme, what an insensible Blockhead's this ! Hold, Sir ; D'ye hear ? — Is this all the Acknowledgment you make, for the Honour I design'd you ?

Sir *Will.* Why truly, Sir, 'tis an Honour that I am not ambitious of : In plain Terms, I do not like you for a Son-in-law.

Sir *Nov.* Now you speak to the Purpose, Sir : But prithee, what are thy Exceptions to me ?

Sir *Will.* Why, in the first Place, Sir, you have too great a Passion for your own Person, to have any for your Wife's : In the next Place, you take such an extravagant Care in the Clothing your Body, that your Understanding goes naked for't : Had I a Son so dress'd, I should take the Liberty to call him an egregious Fop.

Sir *Nov.* I'gad, thou art a comical old Gentleman, and I'll tell thee a Secret : Understand then, Sir, from me, that all young Fellows hate the Name of Fop, as
Women

Women do the Name of Whore ; but, i'gad, they both love the Pleasure of being so : Nay, faith, and 'tis as hard a Matter for some Men to be Fops, as you call 'em, as 'tis for some Women to be Whores.

Sir *Wil.* That's pleasant, i'faith. Can't any Man be a Fop, or any Woman be a Whore, that has a mind to't ?

Sir *Nov.* No, faith, Sir ; for let me tell you, 'tis not the Coldness of my Lady *Freelove's* Inclination, but her Age and Wrinkles that won't let her cuckold her Husband. And again, 'tis not Sir *John Wou'dlook's* Aversion to Dress ; but his want of a fertile Genius, that won't let him look like a Gentleman : Therefore in Vindication of all well-dress'd Gentlemen, I intend to write a Play, where my chiefest Character shall be a *downright English Booby*, that affects to be a Beau, without either Genius or foreign Education, and to call it, in Imitation of another famous Comedy, *He Wou'd if he Cou'd* : And now, I think, you are answer'd, Sir. Have you any Exceptions to my Birth or Family, pray Sir ?

Sir *Wil.* Yes, Sir, I have ; you seem to be the Offspring of more than one Man's Labour ; for certainly no less than a Dancing, Singing, and Fencing-Master, with a Taylor, Milliner, Perfumer, Peruke-Maker, and a *French Valet de Chambre*, cou'd be at the begetting of you.

Sir *Nov.* All these have been at the finishing of me since I was made.

Sir *Wil.* That is, Heaven made you a Man, and they have made a Monster of you : And so farewell to ye.

[*Is going.*]

Sir *Nov.* Hark ye, Sir : Am I to expect no farther Satisfaction in the Proposals I made you ?

Sir *Wil.* Sir—nothing makes a Man lose himself like Passion : Now I presume you are young, and consequently rash upon a Disappointment ; therefore to prevent any Difference that may arise by repeating my Refusal of your Suit, I do not think it convenient to hold any farther Discourse with you.

Sir *Nov.* Nay, faith, thou shalt stay to hear a little more of my Mind first.

Sir *Wil.* Since you press me, Sir, I will rather bear with, than resist you.

Sir

Sir *Nov.* I doubt, old Gentleman, you have such a Torrent of Philosophy running thro' your *Pericranium*, that it has wash'd your Brains away.

Sir *Wil.* Pray, Sir, why do you think so?

Sir *Nov.* Because you chuse a beggarly, unaccountable sort of a Younger brotherish Rake-hell for your Son-in-law, before a Man of Quality, Estate, good Parts and Breeding, Demme.

Sir *Wil.* Truly, Sir, I know neither of the Persons to whom these Characters belong; if you please to write their Names under 'em, perhaps I may tell you if they be like or no.

Sir *Nov.* Why then, in short, I wou'd have been your Son-in-law; and you, it seems, prefer *Young Worthy* before me. Now are your Eyes open?

Sir *Wil.* Had I been blind, Sir, you might have been my Son-in-law; and if you were not blind, you wou'd not think that I design my Daughter for *Young Worthy*? His Brother, I think, may deserve her.

Sir *Nov.* Then you are not jealous of *Young Worthy*? Humh!

Sir *Wil.* No, really, Sir, nor of you neither.

Sir *Nov.* Give me thy Hand: Thou art very happy, stop my Vitals! for thou do'st not see thou art blind——Not jealous of *Young Worthy*? Ha! Ha!—How now?

Enter Sir Novelty's Footman, with a Porter.

Serv. Sir, here's a Porter with a Letter for your Honour.

Porter. I was order'd to give it into your own Hand, Sir, and expect an Answer.

Sir *Nov.* reads.] *Excuse, my dear Sir Novelty, the forc'd Indifference I have shewn you, and let me recompence your past Sufferings with an Hour's Conversation, after the Play, at Rosamond's Pond, where you will find an hearty Welcome to the Arms of your Narcissa—Unexpected Happiness! the Arms of your Narcissa! I gad, and when I am there, I'll make myself welcome. Faith, I did not think she was so far gone neither—But I don't question, there are five hundred more in her Condition.—I have a good*

good mind not to go, faith—Yet, hang it, I will too, only be reveng'd of this old Fellow. Nay, I'll have the Pleasure of making it public too: For I will give her the Music, and draw all the Town to be Witnesses of my Triumph—Where is the Lady? [To the Porter.

Porter. In a Hackney-Coach at the Corner of the Street.

Sir Nov. Enough; tell her I will certainly be there.—[Exit Porter.] Well, old Gentleman, then you are resolv'd I shall be no kin to you? Your Daughter is disposed of! Humh!

Sir Wil. You have your Answer, Sir; you shall be no kin to me.

Sir Nov. Farewel, old Philosophy: And (d'ye hear?) I wou'd advise you to study nothing but the Art of Patience; you may have an unexpected Occasion for it. Hark you; wou'd it not nettle you damnably, to hear my Son call you Grandfather?

Sir Wil. Sir—notwithstanding this Provocation, I am calm; but were I like other Men, a Slave to Passion, I shou'd not forbear calling you Impertinent. How I swell with rising Vexation!—Leave me, leave me; go, Sir, go, get you out of my House. [Angrily.

Sir Nov. Oh! have a Care of Passion, dear *Diogenes*: Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Sir Wil. So! [Sighing.] At last I have conquer'd it: Pray, Sir, oblige me with your Absence, [taking off his Hat.] I protest I am tired with you; pray leave my House. [Submissively.

Sir Nov. Demn your House, your Family, your Ancestors, your Generation, and your eternal Posterity. [Exit.

Sir Wil. Ah! a fair Riddance. How I bless myself, that it was not in this Fool's Power to provoke me beyond that Serenity of Temper which a wise Man ought to be Master of! How near are Men to Brutes, when their unruly Passions break the Bounds of Reason? And of all Passions, Anger is the most violent; which often puts me in mind of that admirable Saying,

*He that strives not to stem his Anger's Tide,
Does a wild Horse without a Bridle ride.*

The SCENE changes to St. James's Park.

*Enter Young Worthy and Loveless, as from the Tavern ;
Snap following.*

Y. Wor. What a sweet Evening 'tis ! ——— Prithee, *Ned*, let's walk a little——Look how lovingly the Trees are join'd, since thou wert here, as if Nature had design'd this Walk for the private Shelter of forbidden Love——But look out *Ned*, there's the Enemy before you !

Love. Why then, as *Cæsar* said, Come follow me. [Exit Loveless.]

Y. Wor. I hope 'tis his Wife, whom I desir'd to meet me here. [Exit.]

Enter Mrs. Flareit and her Maid.

Ma. I wonder, Madam, Sir *Novelty* don't come yet : I am so afraid he shou'd see *Narcissa*, and find out the Trick of your Letter.

Fla. No, no : *Narcissa* is out of the Way : I am sure he won't be long ; for I heard the Hautboys, as they pass'd by me, mention his Name : I suppose, to make the Intrigue more fashionable, he intends to give me the Music.

Ma. Suppose he take you for *Narcissa*, what Advantage do you propose by it ?

Fla. I shall then have a just Occasion to quarrel with him for his Perfidiousness, and so force his Pocket to make his Peace with me : Beside, my Jealousy will not let me rest till I am reveng'd.

Ma. Jealousy ! why, I have often heard you say, you loath'd him.

Fla. 'Tis my Pride, not Love, that makes me jealous : For, tho' I don't love him, yet I am incens'd to think he dares love another.

Ma. See, Madam, here he is, and the Music with him.

Fla. Put on your Mask, and leave me. [They mask.
Enter

Enter Sir Novelty with the Music.

Sir Nov. Here, Gentlemen, place yourselves on this Spot, and pray oblige me with a Trumpet Sonata—— This taking a Man at his first Word, is a very new way of preserving Reputation, stop my Vitals——nay, and a secure one too; for now may we enjoy and grow weary of one another, before the Town can take any Notice of us. [*Flareit making towards him.*] Ha! this must be she——I suppose, Madam, you are no Stranger to the Contents of this Letter.

Fla. Dear Sir, this Place is too public for my Acknowledgment; if you please to withdraw to a more private Conveniency. [*Exeunt.*]

[The Music prepares to play, and all sorts of People gather about it.]

Enter at one door Nar. Hil. Am. El. Worthy, and Y. Worthy; *at another,* Loveless and Snap, *who talk to the Masks.*

El. Wor. What say you, Ladies, shall we walk homewards? It begins to be dark.

Y. Wor. Prithce don't be so impatient, it's light enough to hear the Music, I'll warrant ye.

Am. Mr. Worthy, you promis'd me a Sight I long for: Is Mr. Loveless among all those?

Y. Wor. That's he, Madam, surveying that mask'd Lady.

Am. Ha! Is't possible? Methinks I read his Vices in his Person. Can he be insensible, ev'n to the Smart of pinching Poverty? Pray, Sir, your Hand;——I find myself disorder'd. It troubles me to think I dare not speak to him after so long a Separation.

Y. Wor. Madam, your staying here may be dangerous, therefore let me advise you to go home, and get all things in order to receive him: About an Hour hence will be a convenient Time to set my Design a going; till then, let me beg you to have a little Patience. Give me Leave, Madam, to see you to your Coach.

I

Am.

Am. I'll not trouble you, Sir ; yonder's my Cousin *Wellbred*, I'll beg his Protection. [Exit.

[*The Music plays ; after which Nar. speaks.*

Nar. Come, Cousin, now let's see what Monsters the next Walk affords.

El. Wor. With all my Heart ; 'tis in our way home.

Y. Wor. Ladies, I must beg your Pardon for a Moment ; yonder comes one I have a little Business with, I'll dispatch it immediately, and follow you.

Hil. No, no ; we'll stay for you.

Nar. You may, if you please, Cousin ; but, I suppose, he will hardly thank you for't.

Hil. What, then you conclude 'tis a Woman's Business, by his promising a quick Dispatch ?

Y. Wor. Madam in three Minutes you shall know the Business : If it displease you, condemn me to an eternal Absence.

El. Wor. Come, Madam, let me be his Security.

Nar. I dare take your Word, Sir —

[*Exeunt El. Wor. Hil. and Nar.*

Enter Sly, Servant to Young Worthy.

Y. Wor. Well, how goes Matters ? Is she in Readiness to receive him ?

Sly. To a Hair, Sir ; every Servant has his Cue, and all are impatient till the Comedy begins.

Y. Wor. Stand aside a little, and let us watch our Opportunity.

Snap. (*to a Mask*) Enquire about half an Hour hence for Number *Two*, at the *Gridiron*.

Mask. To-morrow with all my Heart, but to-night I am engaged to the Chaplain of Colonel *Thunder's* Regiment.

Snap. What, will you leave me for a Mutton Chop ? for that's all he'll give you, I'm sure.

Mask. You are mistaken, faith, he keeps me.

Snap. Not to himself, I'll engage him : Yet he may too, if nobody likes you better than I do. Hark you, Child ; prithee, when was your Smock wash'd ?

Mask. Why, dost thou pretend to fresh Linen, that never

never wore a clean Shirt but of thy Mother's own washing?
[Goes from him.]

Love. What, no Adventure, no Game, *Snap*?

Snap. None, none, Sir; I can't prevail with any, from the Point Head-Cloaths to the Horse-Guard Whore.

Love. What a Pox! sure the Whores can't smell an empty Pocket?

Snap. No, no, that's certain, Sir, they must see it in our Faces.

Sly. (to *Loveless*.) My dear Boy, how is't? I'gad, I am glad thou art come to Town: My Lady expected you above an Hour ago, and I am overjoy'd I have found thee: Come, come, come along, she's impatient till she sees you.

Snap. Odsbud, Sir, follow him, he takes you for another.

Love. I'gad, it looks with the Face of an Intrigue—I'll humour him——Well, what, shall we go now?

Sly. Odsheart, she longs to see thee; and she is a curious fine Creature, ye Rogue! such Eyes! such Lips!—and such a Tongue between 'em! ah, the Tip of it will set a Man's Soul on fire!

Love. The Rogue makes me impatient. [Aside.]

Sly. Come, come, the Key, the Key, the Key, you dear Rogue;

Snap. O Lord! the Key, the Key. [Aside.]

Love. The Key! Why sh— sh— sh— shou'd yo— yo— you have it?

Sly. Ay, ay, quickly give's it?

Love. Why—what the Devil—sure I ha'n't lost it:—Oh! no Gad, it is not there; What shall we do?

Sly. Oons, ne'er stand fumbling; if you have lost it we must shoot the Lock, I think.

Love. I'gad, and so we must, for I ha'n't it.

Sly. Come, come along, follow me.

Love. *Snap*, stand by me, you Dog.

Snap. Ay, ay, Sir. [Exeunt *Sly*, *Love*, and *Snap*.]

Y. Wer. Ha! ha! the Rogue manag'd him most dexterously. How greedily he chopt at the Bait. What the Event will be, Heaven knows; but thus far 'tis pleasant; and since he is safe, I'll venture to divert my Company with

with the Story. Poor *Amanda*, thou well deserv'st a better Husband: Thou wer't never wanting in thy Endeavours to reclaim him: And faith, considering how long a Despair has worn thee,

*'Twere pity now thy Hopes shou'd not succeed;
This new Attempt is Love's Last Shift indeed'.*



A C T IV.

The SCENE continues.

Enter El. Worthy, Y. Worthy, Hillaria, and Narcissa.

Elder WORTHY.

ELL, Ladies, I believe 'tis time for us to be walking.

W *Hil.* No, pray let me engage you to stay a little longer: Yonder comes Sir *Novelty* and his Mistress, in pursuance of the Design I told you of; pray have a little Patience, and you will see the Effects on't.

El. Wor. With all my Heart, Madam. [*They stand aside.*]

Enter Sir Novelty, embracing Flareit, mask'd.

Sir Nov. Generous Creature! this is an unexampled Condescension, to meet my Passion with such early Kindness. Thus let me pay my soft Acknowledgments.

[*Kisses her Hand.*]

Hil. You must know he has mistaken her for another.

Fla. For Heav'n sake let me go; if *Hillaria* shou'd be at home before me, I am ruin'd for ever.

Nar. *Hillaria*! what does she mean?

Sir Nov. *Narcissa's* Reputation shall be ever safe, while my Life and Fortune can protect it.

Nar.

Nar. O Gad, let me go; does the impudent Creature take my Name upon her?—I'll pull off her Headcloaths.

Hil. O! fie! Cousin, what an ungenteel Revenge wou'd that be! Have a little Patience.

Nar. Oh! I am in a Flame.

Fla. But will you never see that common Creature *Flareit*, more?

Sir Nov. Never, never, feed on such homely Fare, after so rich a Banquet.

Fla. Nay, but you must hate her too.

Sir Nov. That I did long ago. I am inform'd she keeps a Fellow under my Nose, and for that reason I would not make the Settlement I lately gave her some hopes of: But e'en let her please herself, for now I am wholly yours.

Fla. Oh, now you charm me! But will you love me ever?

Sir Nov. Will you be ever kind?

Fla. Be sure you never see *Flareit* more.

Sir Nov. When I do, may this soft Hand revenge my Perjury.

Fla. So it shall, Villain!

[*Strikes him a Box on the Ear, and unmasks.*]

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Nov. *Flareit!* the Devil!

Fla. What, will nothing but a Maid go down with you, thou miserable conceited Wretch? — Poh, I'm a homely Puff! a Strumpet not worth your Notice! Devil, I'll be reveng'd.

Sir Nov. Damn your Revenge, I'm sure I feel it.

[*Holding his Cheek.*]

Nar. Really, *Sir Novelty*, I am oblig'd to you for your kind Thoughts of me, and your extraordinary Care of my Reputation.

Sir Nov. 'Sdeath, she's here! Expos'd to half the Town! — Well, I must brazen it out however. [*Walks unconcern'd.*]

Fla. What, no Pretence? no Evasion now?

Sir Nov. There's no occasion for any, Madam.

Fla. Come, come, swear you knew me all this while.

Sir Nov. No, faith, Madam, I did not know you: For if I had, you wou'd not have found me so furious a Lover.

Fla.

Fla. Furies and Hell! dares the Monster own his Guilt? This is beyond all Sufferance. Thou Wretch! thou Thing! thou Animal! that I (to the everlasting Forfeiture of my Sense and Understanding) have made a Man. For till thou knewest me, 'twas doubted if thou wert of human kind: And dost thou think I'll suffer such a Worm as thee to turn against me? No! when I do, may I be curs'd to thy Embraces all my Life, and never know a Joy beyond thee.

Sir Nov. Wh—wh—wh— what will your Ladyship's Fury do, Madam? *[Smiling.]*

Fla. Only change my Lodging, Sir.

Sir Nov. I shall keep mine, Madam, that you may know where to find me when your Fury is over.—You see I am good-natur'd. *[Walks by her.]*

Fla. This Bravery's affected: I know he loves me: and I'll pierce him to the Quick: I have yet a surer way to fool him. *[Aside.]*

Hil. Methinks the Knight bears it bravely.

Nar. I protest the Lady weeps.

Y. Wor. She knows what she does, I'll warrant you.

Fla. *[With Tears in her Eyes.]* Now, Woman. *[Aside.]*

Sir Novelty, pray, Sir, let me speak with you.

Sir Nov. Ay, Madam.

Fla. Before we part (for I find I have irrecoverably lost your Love) let me beg of you, that from this Hour, you ne'er will see me more, or make any new Attempts to deceive my easy Temper: For I find my Nature's such, I shall believe you, tho' to my utter Ruin.

Sir Nov. Pray Heav'n she be in earnest. *[Aside.]*

Fla. One thing more, Sir: Since our first Acquaintance, you have receiv'd several Letters from me; I hope you will be so much a Gentleman as to let me have 'em again: Those I have of yours shall be return'd to-morrow Morning. And now, Sir, wishing you as much Happiness in her you love, as you once pretended I cou'd give you,—I take of you my everlasting Leave.—Farewell, and may your next Mistress love you till I hate you. *[Is going.]*

Sir Nov. So, now must I seem to persuade her. *[Aside.]*
Nay, prithee, my Dear! why do you struggle so? Whither wou'd you go?

Fla.

Fla. Pray, Sir, give me leave to pass, I can't bear to stay. [Crying.]

Sir Nov. What is't that frightens you?

Fla. Your barbarous Usage: Pray let me go.

Sir Nov. Nay, if you are resolv'd, Madam, I won't press you against your Will. Your humble Servant; [Leaves her] and a happy Riddance, stop my Vitals.

[Flareit looks back.]

Fla. Ha! not move to call me back! so unconcern'd! Oh! I cou'd tear my Flesh, stab every Feature in this dull decaying Face, that wants a Charm to hold him. Damn him, I loath him too: But shall my Pride now fall from such an height, and bear the Torture unreveng'd? No, my very Soul's on fire; and nothing but the Villain's Blood shall quench it. Devil, have at thee.

[Snatches Y. Worthy's Sword, and runs at him.]

Y. Wor. Have a Care, Sir.

Sir Nov. Let her alone, Gentlemen, I'll warrant you.

[Draws, and stands upon his Guard.]

[Y. Worthy takes the Sword from her, and holds her.]

Fla. Prevented! Oh, I shall choke with boiling Gall. Oh! oh! humh! Let me go; I'll have his Blood, his Blood, his Blood.

Sir Nov. Let her come, let her come, Gentlemen.

Fla. Death and Vengeance! am I become his Sport! He's pleas'd, and smiles to see me rage the more; but he shall find no Fiend in Hell can match the Fury of a disappointed Woman.—Scorn'd! slighted! dismiss'd without a parting Pang! O torturing Thought! May all the Racks Mankind e'er gave our easy Sex, neglected Love, decaying Beauty, and all the Dotage of undone Desire light on me, if e'er I cease to be the eternal Plague of his remaining Life, nay, after Death;

[When his black Soul lies howling in Despair,

I'll plunge to Hell, and be his Torment there. [Exit.]

El. Wor. Sure, Sir Novelty, you never lov'd this Lady, if you are so indifferent at parting.

Sir Nov. Why, faith, Tom, to tell you the Truth, her Jealousy has been so troublesome and so expensive to me of late, that I have these three Months sought an Opportunity to leave her: But faith, I had always more respect to my Life, than to let her know it before.

Hil. Methinks, Sir *Novelty*, you had very little respect to her Life when you drew upon her.

Sir Nov. Why, what wou'd you have had me done, Madam, complimented her with my naked Bosom ? No, no. Look ye, Madam, if she had made any Advances, I cou'd have disarm'd her in Second at the very first Pass. — But come, Ladies, as we walk, I'll beg your Judgments in a particular nice Fancy, that I intend to appear in the very first Week the Court is quite out of Mourning.

El. Wor. With all my Heart, Sir *Novelty*. [Exeunt.]

The SCENE Amanda's House.

Enter Loveless conducted by Sly, Snap stealing after him.

Love. Where the Devil will this Fellow lead me ?— Nothing but Silence and Darknefs !—Sure the House is haunted, and he has brought me to face the Spirit at his wonted Hour.

Sly. There, there ;——in, in——Slip on your Night-Gown, and refresh yourself. In the mean time, I'll acquaint my Lady that you are here. [Exit.]

Love. *Snap* !

Snap. Ay, ay, Sir, I'll warrant you. [Exeunt.]

*The SCENE changes to an Anti-chamber ;
a Table and a Light.*

They re-enter.

Love. Ha ! what sweet Lodgings are here ! Where can this End ?

Snap. I gad, Sir, I long to know.—Pray Heav'n we are not deluded hither to be starv'd.—Methinks, I wish I had brought the Remnants of my Dinner with me.

Love. Hark ! I hear somebody coming : Hide yourself, Rascal ; I wou'd not have you seen.

Snap. Well, Sir, I'll line this Trench, in case of your being in danger. [Gets under the Table.]

Enter

Enter Servants with a Supper ; after them a Man and Woman.

Love. Ha ! a Supper ! Heaven fend it be no Vision. If the Meat be real, I shall believe the Lady may prove Flesh and Blood—Now am I damnably puzzled to know whether this be she or not. Madam — *[Bows.*

Wom. Sir, my Lady begs your Pardon for a Moment.

Love. Humph, her Lady ! Good.

Wom. She's unfortunately detain'd by some Female Visitors, which she will dispatch with all the Haste imaginable : In the mean time be pleas'd to refresh yourself with what the House affords—Pray, Sir, sit down.

Love. Not alone ; Madam, you must bear me Company.

Wom. To oblige you, Sir, I'll exceed my Commission.

Snap. *[under the Table.]* Was there ever so unfortunate a Dog ? What the Devil put it into my Head to hide myself before Supper ? Why this is worse than being lock'd into a Closet while another Man's a-bed with my Wife. I suppose my Master will take as much Care of me too, as I should of him, if I were in his Place.

Wom. Sir, my humble Service to you. *[Drinks.*

Love. Madam, your humble Servant : I'll pledge you. *Snap,* when there's any Danger, I'll call you : In the mean time lie still, d'ye hear. *[Aside to Snap.*

Snap. I'gad, I'll shift for myself then. *[Snatches a Flask unseen.]* So, now I am arm'd, Defiance to all Danger.

Love. Madam, your Lady's Health.

Snap. Ay, ay, let it go round, I say. *[Drinks.*

Wom. Well, really, Sir, my Lady's very happy that she has got loose from her Relations ; for they were always teasing her about you : But she defies 'em all now. — Come, Sir, Success to both your Wishes. *[Drinks.*

Love. Give me a Glas : Methinks this Health inspires me.—My Heart grows lighter for the Weight of Wine. — Here, Madam, — Prosperity to the Man that ventures most to please her.

C

Wom.

Wom. What think you of a Song to support this Gaiety ?

Love. With all my Heart.

A Song here.

Love. You have oblig'd me, Madam. [I'gad, I like this Girl : She takes off her Glafs so feelingly, I am half persuaded she's of a thirsty Love : If her Lady don't make a little Haste, I find I shall present my humble Service to her. *[Aside.*

Enter a Servant, who whispers Amanda's Woman.

Wom. Sir, I ask your Pardon : My Lady has some Commands for me ; I will return immediately.

Love. Your Servant — Methinks this is a very new Method of Intriguing.

Snap. Pray Heaven it be new ! for the old Way commonly ended in a good Beating : But a Pox of Danger, I say, and so here's good Luck to you, Sir.

Love. Take heed, Rogue, you don't get drunk, and discover yourself.

Snap. It must be with a fresh Flask then ; for this is expir'd, *Supernaculum.*

Love. Lie close, you Dog ; I hear somebody coming ; I am impatient till I see this Creature. This Wine has arm'd me against all Thoughts of Danger. Pray Heav'n she be young, for then she can't want Beauty. Ha ! here she comes. Now, never-failing Impudence, assist me.

Enter Amanda loosely dress'd.

Am. Where's my Love ? O, let me fly into his Arms, and live for ever there.

Love. My Life ! my Soul ! *(Runs and embraces her.)* By Heav'n a tempting Creature ! Melting, soft and warm,—as my Desire ——— *[Kisses her Hand.*

Am.

Am. Look up, my Lord, and blefs me with a tender Look ; and let my talking Eyes inform thee how I have languifhed for thy Abfence.

Love. Let's retire, and chafe away our fleeting Cares with the Raptures of untir'd Love.

Am. Blefs me ! your Voice is ftrangely alter'd—Ha ! defend me ! Who's this ? Help ! help ! within there !

Love. So ! I am discover'd. A Pox on my Tatling that I could not hold my Tongue till I got to her Bed-chamber.

Enter Sly, and other Servants.

Sly. Did your Ladyfhip call Help, Madam ? What's the Matter ?

Am. Villain ! Slave ! who's this ? What Ruffian have you brought here ? — Dog, I'll have you murder'd.

[*Sly looks in his Face.*]

Sly. Blefs me ! O Lord ! Dear Madam, I beg your Pardon : As I hope to be fav'd, Madam, 'tis a Miftake : I took him for Mr. —

Am. Be dumb, eternal Blockhead ! — Here take this Fellow, tofs him in a Blanket, and let him be turn'd out of my Doors immediately.

Sly. O pray ; dear Madam ; for Heaven's fake ; I am a ruin'd Man —

Snap. Ah ! *Snap*, what will become of thee ? Thou art fall'n into the Hand of a Tygreff that has loft her Whelp. I have no Hopes, but in my Master's Impudence : Heaven ftrengthen it.

Am. I'll hear no more ; away with him. [*Exeunt the Servants with Sly.*] Now, Sir, for you : I expected —

Love. A Man, Madam, did you not ?

Am. Not a Stranger, Sir ; but one that has a Right and Title to that Welcome, which by Miftake has been given to you.

Love. Not an Husband, I prefume : He would not have been fo privately conducted to your Chamber, and in the Dark too.

Am. Whoever it was, Sir, is not your Business to examine : But, if you wou'd have civil Usage, pray be gone.

Love. To be used civilly, I must stay, Madam : There can be no Danger in so fair a Creature.

Am. I doubt you are mad, Sir.

Love. While my Senses have such luscious Food before 'em, no Wonder if they are in some Confusion, each striving to be foremost at the Banquet ; and sure my greedy Eyes will starve the rest. [*Approaching her.*]

Am. Pray Sir, keep your Distance, lest your Feeling too be gratify'd.

Snap. O Lord ! wou'd I were a hundred Leagues off at Sea.

Love. Then briefly thus, Madam : Know, I like and love you : Now, if you have so much Generosity as to let me know what Title my pretended Rival has to your Person, or your Inclinations ; perhaps the little Hopes I then may have of supplanting him, may make me leave your House : If not, my Love shall still pursue you, tho' to the Hazard of my Life ; which I shall not easily resign, while this Sword can guard it.

Am. Oh, were this Courage shewn but in a better Cause, how worthy were the Man that own'd it ! [*Aside.*] What is it, Sir, that you purpose, by this unnecessary Trifling ? Know then, that I did expect a Lover ! a Man perhaps more brave than you : One, that if present, wou'd have given you a shorter Answer to your Question.

Love. I am glad to hear he's brave, however : It betrays no Weakness in your Choice. But if you'd still preserve or raise the Joys of Love, remove him from your Thoughts a Moment, and in his Room receive a warmer Heart ; a Heart which must admire you more than he, because my Passion's of a fresher Date.

Am. What d'ye take me for ?

Love. A Woman, and the most charming of your Sex : One, whose pointed Eyes declare you form'd for Love. Come, now pull away your Hand, to make me hold it faler.

Am.

Am. Pray, Sir, forbear.

Love. How can I, when my Desire's so violent? Oh, let me snatch the rosy Dew from those distilling Lips; and as you see your Power to charm, so chide me with your Pity. Why do you thus cruelly turn away your Face? I own the Blessing's worth an Age's Expectation; but if refused till merited, 'tis esteemed a Debt. Wou'd you oblige your Lover, let loose your early Kindness.

Am. I shall not take your Counsel, Sir, while I know a Woman's early Kindness is as little Sign of her Generosity, as her Generosity is a Sign of her Discretion: Nor wou'd I have you believe I am so ill provided for, that I need listen to any Man's first Addresses.

Love. Why, Madam, wou'd you not drink the first time you had a Thirst?

Am. Yes; but not before I had.

Love. If you can't drink, yet you may kiss the Cup; and that may give you Inclination.

Am. Your Pardon, Sir; I drink out of nobody's Glass but my own: As the Man I love confines himself to me, so my Inclination keeps me true to him.

Love. That's a Cheat imposed upon you by your own Vanity: For when your Back's turn'd, your very Chamber-maid sips of your Leavings, and becomes your Rival. Constancy in Love is all a Cheat! Women of your Understanding know it. The Joys of Love are only great when they are new; and to make 'em lasting, we must often change.

Am. Suppose 'twere a fresh Lover I now expected.

Love. Why then, Madam, your Expectation's answer'd. For I must confess, I don't take you for an old Acquaintance, tho' somewhere I have seen a Face not much unlike you. Come, every Thing pleads for me; your Beauty, Wit, Time, Place, Opportunity, and my own Excess of burning Passion.

Am. Stand off, distant as the Globes of Heav'n and Earth, that like a falling Star I may shoot with greater Force into your Arms, and think it Heav'n to lie expiring there.

[Runs into his Arms.]

Love.

Love. Thou sweetest, softest Creature Heav'n e'er form'd ! Oh ! lead me to the Scene of unsupportable Delight ; rack me with Pleasures never known before : This Night let us be lavish to our unbounded Wishes.

*Give all our Stock at once to raise the Fire,
And revel to the Height of loose Desire.*

[Exeunt.]

Snap. Ah ! Rogue, the Day's our own.

Wom. Ah ! what an happy Creature's my Lady now ! There's many an unsatisfy'd Wife about Town wou'd be glad to have her Husband as wicked as my Master, upon the same Terms my Lady has him. Well—now shan't I take one Wink of Sleep, for thinking how they'll employ their Time to-night — Faith I must listen, if I were to be hang'd for't. [Listens at the Door.]

Snap. So ! my Master's provided for, therefore it's Time for me to take Care of myself : I have no Mind to be lock'd out of my Lodgings ; I fancy there's Room for two in the Maid's Bed, as well as my Lady's — This same Flask was plaguy strong Wine : — I find I shall storm, if she don't surrender fairly. By your Leave, Damsel.

Wom. Bless me ! who's this ? O Lord ! what wou'd you have ? who are you !

Snap. One that has a Right and Title to your Body ; my Master having already taken Possession of your Lady's.

Wom. Let me go, or I'll cry out.

Snap. Ye lye ; yz dare not disturb your Lady : But the better to secure you, thus I stop your Mouth.

[Kisses her.]

Wom. Humph ! — Lord bless me ! is the Devil in you, tearing one's Things ?

Snap. Then shew me your Bed-chamber.

Wom. The Devil shall have you first.

Snap. A' shall have both together then ! Here will I fix, (takes her about the Neck) just in this Posture till to-morrow Morning. In the mean time, when you find your Inclinations stirring, prithee give me a Call, for at present I am very sleepy.

(Seems to sleep.)

Wom.

Wom. Foh ! how he stinks. Ah ! what a Whiff was there ! The Rogue's as drunk as a Sailor with a Twelve-month's Arrears in his Pocket. I'll ha' nothing to say to him. — Let me see, how shall I get rid of him ? O ! I have it — I'll soon make him sober, I'll warrant him. Soho,—Mr. What-d'ye-call'um, where do you intend to lie to-night ?

Snap. Humh—why, where you lay last Night, unless you change your Lodging.

Wom. Well, for once I'll take Pity of you : make no Noise, but put out the Candles, and follow me softly, for fear of disturbing my Lady.

Snap. I'll warrant ye, there's no fear of spoiling her Musick, while we are playing the same.

The SCENE changes to a dark Entry, and they re-enter.

Wom. Where are you ? Lend me your Hand.

Snap. Here, here ; make haste, my dear Concupiscence.

Wom. Hold ; stand there a little, while I open the Door gently, without waking the Footman.

[She feels about, and opens a Trap-door.]

Wom. Come along softly this Way.

Snap. Whereabouts are you ?

Wom. Here, here, come strait forward.

[He goes forward, and falls into the Cellar.]

Snap. O Lord ! O Lord ! I have broke my Neck.

Wom. I am glad to hear him say so however, I should be loth to be hang'd for him. How d'ye, Sir ?

Snap. D'ye, Sir ! I am a League under Ground.

Wom. Whereabouts are you ?

Snap. In Hell, I think.

Wom. No, no ; you're but in the Road to it, I dare say. Ah, dear ! why will you follow lewd Women at this rate, when they lead you to the very Gulph of Destruction ? I knew you wou'd be swallow'd up at last. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Snap. Ah, ye sneering Whore !

Wom. Shall I fetch you a Prayer Book, Sir, to arm you against the Temptations of the Flesh ?

Snap. No ! you need but shew your damn'd ugly Face, to do that. Hark ye, either help me out, or I'll hang myself, and swear you murder'd me.

Wom. Nay, if you are so bloody-minded, good Night to ye, Sir.

[She offers to shut the Door over him, and he catches hold on her.]

Snap. Ah, ah, ah ! have I caught you ? I'gad we'll pig together now.

Wom. O Lord ! pray let me go, and I'll do any Thing.

Snap. And so ye shall before I Part with you.

[Pulls her in to him.]

And now, Master, my humble Service to you.

[He pulls the Door over them.]



A C T V.

SCENE, Sir Will. Wisewood's House

Enter El. Worthy, Y. Worthy, and a Lawyer with a Writing.

Elder WORTHY.

** * * * ** R E the Ladies ready ?

** * * * ** *A* ** * * * ** *Y. Wor.* *Hillaria* is just gone up to hasten her Cousin, and Sir *William* will be here immediately.

** * * * ** *El. Wor.* But hark you, Brother ; I have consider'd of it, and pray let me oblige you not to pursue your Design on his five thousand Pounds : for in short, 'tis no better than a Cheat, and what a Gentleman should scorn to be guilty of. Is it not sufficient that I consent to your wronging him of his Daughter ?

Y. Wor.

Y. Wor. Your Pardon, Brother, I can't allow that a Wrong : For his Daughter loves me : Her Fortune, you know, he has nothing to do with ; and 'tis a hard Case a young Woman shall not have the Disposal of her Heart. — And as to the five thousand Pounds, 'tis no more than what he has endeavour'd to cheat his Niece of.

El. Wor. What d'ye mean ? I take him for an honest Man.

Y. Wor. Oh ! very honest ! As honest as an old Agent to a new-rai'd Regiment. — No, faith, I'll say that for him, he will not do an ill Thing, unless he gets by it. In a Word, this so very honest Sir *William*, as you take him to be, has offer'd me the Refual of your Mistress : And upon Condition I will secure him five thousand Pounds upon my Day of Marriage with her, he will secure me her Person, and ten thousand Pounds, the remaining Part of her Fortune : There's a Guardian for ye ! What think ye now, Sir ?

El. Wor. Why, I think he deserves to be serv'd in the same kind. But hark you, Mr. *Forge*, are you sure it will stand good in Law, if Sir *William* Signs the Bond ?

Law. In any Court in *England*, Sir.

El. Wor. Then there's your fifty Pieces ; and if it succeeds, here's as many more in the same Pocket to answer 'em. But, mum, — here comes Sir *William* and the Ladies.

Enter Sir William Wisewou'd, Hillaria, and Narcissa.

Sir Will. Good-morrow, Gentlemen. Mr. *Worthy*, I give you Joy. Odso ! if my Heels were as light as my Heart, I shou'd ha' much ado to forbear dancing. — Here, here, take her, Man. [*Gives him Narcissa's Hand.*] She's yours, and so is her thousand Pounds a Year, and my five thousand Pounds shall be yours too.

Y. Wor. You must ask me Leave first. [*Aside.*]

Sir Will. Odso ! is the Lawyer come ?

El. Wor. He is, and all the Writings are ready, Sir.

Sir Will. Come, come, let's see, Man—What's this ? Odd ! this Law is a plaguy troublesome Thing ; for now-a-days it won't let a Man give away his own, with-

out repeating the Particulars five hundred Times over ; when, in former Times, a Man might have held his Title to twenty thousand Pounds a Year in the Compass of an Horn-book.

Law. That is, Sir, because there are more Knaves now-a-days, and this Age is more treacherous and distrustful than heretofore.

Sir Will. That is, Sir, because there are more Lawyers than heretofore. But, come, what's this, prithee ?

Law. These are the old Writings of your Daughter's Fortune.—This is Mr. *Worthy's* Settlement upon her ; — and this, Sir, is your Bond for five thousand Pounds to him : There wants nothing but filling up the Blanks with the Parties Names ; if you please, Sir, I'll do it immediately.

Sir Will. Do so.

Law. May I crave your Daughter's Christian Name ? the rest I know, Sir.

Sir Will. Narcissa: Prithee, make Haste—Mr. *Worthy*, methinks your Brother does not relish your Happiness as he shou'd do ; Poor Man ! I'll warrant he wishes himself in his Brother's Condition.

Y. Wor. Not I, I'll assure you, Sir.

Sir Will. Niece, Niece, have you no Pity ? Prithee look upon him a little. Odd ! he's a pretty young Fellow.—I am sure he loves you, or he wou'd not have frequented my House so often. Come, come, give him your Hand, and he'll soon creep into your Heart, I'll warrant you : Come, say the Word, and make him happy.

Hill. What, to make myself miserable, Sir ? marry a Man without an Estate !

Sir Will. Hang an Estate ; true Love's beyond all Riches. 'Tis all Dirt—mere Dirt—Beside, ha'n't you fifteen thousand Pounds to your Portion ?

Hill. I doubt, Sir, you wou'd be loth to give him your Daughter, tho' her Fortune's larger.

Sir Will. Odd, if he lov'd her but half so well as he loves you, he shou'd have her for a Word speaking.

Hil. But, Sir, this asks some Consideration.

Nar. You see, Mr. *Worthy*, what an extraordinary Kindness my Father has for you.

Y. Wor.

Y. Wor. Ay, Madam, and for your Cousin too: But I hope, with a little of your Assistance, we shall be both able, very shortly, to return it.

Nar. Nay, I was always ready to serve *Hillaria*: For Heaven knows, I only marry to revenge her Quarrel to my Father: I cannot forgive his offering to sell her.

Y. Wor. Oh, you need not take such Pains, Madam, to conceal your Passion for me; you may own it without a Blush, upon your Wedding-day.

Nar. My Passion! When did you hear me acknowledge any? If I thought you could believe me guilty of such a Weakness, tho' after I had marry'd you, I'd never look you in the Face.

Y. Wor. A very pretty Humour this, faith! What a world of unnecessary Sins have we two to answer for! For she has told more Lies to conceal her Love, than I have sworn false Oaths to promote it. [*Aside.*] Well, Madam, I'll content myself with your giving me Leave to love.

Nar. Which if I don't give, you'll take, I suppose.

Hil. Well, Uncle, I won't promise you, but I'll go to Church, and see them marry'd; when we come back, 'tis ten to one but I surprize you where you least think on.

Sir Will. Why, that's well said — Mr. *Worthy*, now, now's your Time: Odd! I have so fir'd her, 'tis not in her power to deny you, Man. — To her, to her; I warrant her thy own, Boy. — You'll keep your Word; five thousand Pounds upon the Day of Marriage.

Y. Wor. I'll give you my Bond on Demand, Sir.

Sir Will. O! I dare take your Word, Sir — Come, Lawyer, have you done? is all ready?

Law. All, Sir. This is your Bond, Mr. *Worthy*: Will you be pleas'd to sign that first, Sir?

Sir Will. Ay, ay; let's see: *The Condition of this Obligation* (*Reads*) Hum, um — Come, lend me the Pen. — There — Mr. *Worthy*, I deliver this as my Act and Deed to you, and Heaven send you a good Bargain. — Come, Lawyer, your Fist. [*Lawyer witnesses it.*]

El. Wor. So, now let a Coach be call'd as soon as you please, Sir.

Sir Will. You may save that Charge, I saw your own at the Door.

El. Wor. Your Pardon, Sir; that wou'd make our Business too publick: For which Reason, *Sir William*, I hope you will excuse our not taking you along with us. [Exit Servant.]

Sir Will. Ay, ay, with all my Heart; the more Privacy, the less Expence. But pray, what Time may I expect you back again? For *Amanda* has sent to me for the Writings of her Husband's Estate: I suppose she intends to redeem the Mortgage, and I am afraid she will keep me there till Dinner-time.

Y. Wor. Why about that Time she has oblig'd me to bring some of her nearest Friends to be Witnesses to her good or evil Fortune with her Husband: Methinks I long to know of her Success; if you please, *Sir William*, we'll meet you there.

Sir Will. With all my Heart.—Come, Gentlemen, no Ceremony, your Time's short.

El. Wor. Your Servant, *Sir William*.

[Ex. *El. Worthy*, *Y. Worthy*, *Narcissa*, and *Hillaria*.]

The SCENE changes to Amanda's House.

Enter Amanda sola.

Am. Thus far my Hopes have all been answer'd, and my Disguise of vicious Love has charm'd him ev'n to a Madness of impure Desire:—But now I tremble to pull off the Mask, lest barefac'd Virtue should fright him from my Arms for ever.—Good Heaven inspire my Heart, and hang upon my Tongue the Force of Truth and Eloquence, that I may lure this wandering Falcon back to Love and Virtue.——He comes, and now my dreadful Task begins.

Enter Loveless in new Cloaths.

Am. How fare you, Sir? D'ye not already think yourself confin'd? Are you not tir'd with my easy Love?

Love. O never, never; you have so fill'd my Thoughts with Pleasures past, that but to reflect on 'em is still new Rapture to my Soul, and the Bliss must last while I have Life or Memory.

Am.

Am. No Flattery, Sir: I love you for your plain Dealing: and to preserve my good Opinion, tell me, what think you of the Grape's persuading Juice? Come, speak freely, wou'd not the next Tavern-bush put all this out of your Head?

Love. Faith, Madam, to be free with you, I am apt to think you are in the right on't. For tho' Love and Wine are two very fine Tunes, yet they make no Musick, if you play them both together; separately they ravish us: Thus the Mistress ought to make Room for the Bottle, the Bottle for the Mistress, and both to wait the Call of Inclination.

Am. That's generously spoken—I have observ'd, Sir, in all your Discourse, you confess something of a Man that has thoroughly known the World — Pray give me Leave to ask of you, of what Condition you are, and whence you came?

Love. Why, in the first Place, Madam, — by Birth I am a Gentleman; by ill Friends, good Wine, and false Dice, almost a Beggar: But by your Servant's mistaking me, the happiest Man that ever Love and Beauty smil'd on.

Am. One Thing more, Sir: Are you marry'd? —
Now my Fears. [*Aside.*

Love. I was—but very young.

Am. What was your Wife?

Love. A foolish loving Thing, that built Castles in the Air, and thought it impossible for a Man to forswear himself when he made Love.

Am. Was not she virtuous?

Love. Umph—Yes, faith, I believe she might; I was ne'er jealous of her.

Am. Did you ne'er love her?

Love. Ah, most damnably at first.

Am. What's become of her?

Love. Why, after I had been from her beyond Sea, about seven or eight Years, like a very loving Fool she dy'd of the Pip, and civilly left me the World to range in.

Am. Why did you leave her?

Love. Because she grew stale, and I could not whore in quiet for her: But now, Madam—pray give me Leave to inform myself as far in your Condition.

Am. In a Word, Sir, till you know me thoroughly, I must own myself a perfect Riddle to you.

Love. Nay, nay, I know you are Woman: But in what Circumstances, Wife or Widow?

Am. A Wife Sir; a true, a faithful, and a virtuous Wife.

Love. Umph! truly, Madam, your Story begins something like a Riddle: A virtuous Wife, say you? What, and was you never false to your Husband?

Am. I never was, by Heaven! for him and only him I still love above the World.

Love. Good again! Pray, Madam, don't your Memory fail you sometimes? because I fancy you don't remember what you do over-night.

Am. I told you, Sir, I should appear a Riddle to you: But if my Heart will give me Leave, I'll now unloose your fetter'd Apprehension: — But I must first amaze you more. — Pray, Sir, satisfy me with one Particular— 'Tis this, — What are your undissembled Thoughts of Virtue? Now, if you can, shake off your loose unthinking Part, and summon all your Force of manly Reason to resolve me.

Love. Methinks this is a very odd Question for a Woman of your Character. I must confess you have amaz'd me; but faith, Madam, in my Mind, this Discourse is a little out of the Way. You told me I should be acquainted with your Condition; and at present that's what I had rather be inform'd of.

Am. Sir, you shall: But first, this Question must be answer'd: Your Thoughts of Virtue, Sir? — By all my Hopes of Bliss hereafter, your answering this, pronounces half my good or evil Fate for ever: But on my Knees I beg you, do not speak till you have weigh'd it well: — Answer me with the same Truth and Sincerity, as you wou'd answer Heav'n at your latest Hour.

Love. Your Words confound me, Madam: Some wondrous Secret lies ripen'd in your Breast, and seems to struggle for its fatal Birth. What is it I must answer you?

Am. Give me your real Thoughts of Virtue, Sir: Can you believe there ever was a Woman truly Mistress of it, or is it only Notion?

Love.

Love. Let me consider, Madam. [*Aside.* What can this mean? Why is she so earnest in her Demands, and begs me to be serious, as if her Life depended upon my Answer? — I will resolve her as I ought, as Truth and Reason, and the strange Occasion seems to press me.] — Most of your Sex confound the very Name of Virtue: For they wou'd seem to live without Desires; which, cou'd they do, that were not Virtue, but the Defect of unperforming Nature, and no Praise to them: For who can boast a Victory, when they have no Foe to conquer? Now she alone gives the fairest Proofs of Virtue, whose Conscience, and whose Force of Reason can curb her warm Desires, when Opportunity would raise 'em: That such a Woman may be found, I dare believe.

Am. May I believe, that from your Soul you speak this undissembled Truth?

Love. Madam, you may. But still you rack me with Amazement! Why am I ask'd so strange a Question?

Am. I'll give you Ease immediately. — Since then you have allow'd a Woman may be virtuous, — how will you excuse the Man who leaves the Bosom of a Wife so qualify'd, for the abandon'd Pleasures of deceitful Prostitutes? ruins her Fortune, contemns her Counsel, loaths her Bed, and leaves her to the lingring Miseries of Despair and Love? While, in Return of all these Wrongs, she, his poor forsaken Wife, meditates no Revenge, but what her piercing Tears, and secret Vows to Heaven for his Conversion yield her; yet still loves on, is constant and unshaken to the last. Can you believe that such a Man can live without the Stings of Conscience, and yet be Master of his Senses? Conscience; did you ne'er feel the Checks of it? Did it never, never tell you of your broken Vows?

Love. That you shou'd ask me this, confounds my Reason: — And yet your Words are utter'd with such a powerful Accent, they have awaken'd my Soul, and strike my Thoughts with Horror and Remorse. —

[*Stands in a fix'd Posture.*]

Am. Then let me strike you nearer, deeper yet. — But arm your Mind with gentle Pity first, or I am lost for ever.

Love. I am all Pity : Be kind, be quick, and ease my Wonder.

Am. Look on me well : Revive your dead Remembrance : And oh ! for Pity's Sake [*Kneels*] hate me not for loving long and faithfully ; forgive this innocent Attempt of a despairing Passion, and I shall die in quiet.

Love. Hah ! speak on ! [*Amazed.*]

Am. It will not be — The Word's too weighty for my faltering Tongue, and my Soul sinks beneath the fatal Burden. Oh ! — [*Falls to the Ground.*]

Love. Ha ! she faints ! Look up, fair Creature ! behold a Heart that bleeds for your Distress, and fain wou'd share the Weight of your oppressive Sorrows. Oh ! thou hast rais'd a Thought within me, that shocks my Soul.

Am. 'Tis done — [*Rising*] The Conflict's past, and Heav'n bids me speak undaunted. Know then, ev'n all the boasted Raptures of your last Night's Love, you found in your *Amanda's* Arms : — I am your Wife — for ever blest'd or miserable, as your next Breath shall sentence me !

Love. My Wife ! impossible ! Is she not dead ? How shall I believe thee ?

Am. How Time and my Afflictions may have alter'd me, I know not : But here's an indelible Confirmation. [*Bares her Arms.*] These speaking Characters, which in their chearful Bloom our early Passions mutually recorded.

Love. Hah ! 'tis here ; — 'tis no Illusion, but my real Name ; which seems to upbraid me as a Witness of my perjur'd Love : — Oh, I am confounded with my Guilt, and tremble to behold thee. — Pray give me Leave to think. [*Turns from her.*]

Am. I will ; [*Kneels*] but you must look upon me : For only Eyes can hear the Language of the Eyes ; and mine have only the tenderest Tale of Love to tell, that ever Misery, at the dawn of rising Hope, cou'd utter.

Love. I have wrong'd you, (Oh rise !) basely wrong'd you. And can I see your Face ?

Am. One kind, one pitying Look, cancels those Wrongs for ever. And oh ! forgive my fond presuming Passion ; for from my Soul I pardon and forgive you all ;

all ; all, all but this, the greatest, your unkind Delay of Love.

Love. Oh ! seal my Pardon with thy trembling Lips, while with this tender Grasp of fond reviving Love I seize my Blifs, and stifle all thy Wrongs for ever.

[*Embraces her.*]

Am. No more ; I'll wash away their Memory in Tears of flowing Joy.

Love. Have I not used thee like a Villain ? For almost ten long Years deprived thee of my Love, and ruin'd all thy Fortune ? But I will labour, dig, beg, or starve, to give new Proofs of my unfeign'd Affection.

Am. Forbear this Tenderness, lest I repent of having mov'd your Soul so far. You shall not need to beg, Heaven has provided for us beyond its common Care. 'Tis now near two Years since my Uncle, Sir *William Wealthy*, sent you the News of my pretended Death ; knowing the Extravagance of your Temper, he thought it fit you shou'd believe no other of me : And about a Month after he had sent you that Advice, poor Man, he dy'd, and left me in full Possession of Two Thousand Pounds a Year, which I now cannot offer as a Gift, because my Duty, and your lawful Right, makes you the undisputed Master of it.

Love. How have I labour'd for my own undoing ! while in despite of all my Follies, kind Heav'n resolv'd my Happiness.

Enter a Servant to Amanda.

Serv. Madam, Sir *William Wisewou'd* has sent your Ladyship the Writings you desir'd him, and says he'll wait on you immediately.

Am. Now, Sir, if you please to withdraw a while, you may inform yourself how fair a Fortune you are Master of.

Love. None, none that can outweigh a virtuous Mind ; while in my Arms I thus can circle thee, I grasp more Treasure, than in a Day the posting Sun can travel o'er. Oh ! why have I so long been blind to the Perfections of thy Mind and Person ? Not knowing thee a Wife, I found thee

thee charming beyond the Wishes of luxuriant Love. Is it then a Name, a Word, shall rob thee of thy Worth? Can fancy be a surer Guide to Happiness than Reason? Oh, I have wander'd like a benighted wretch, and lost myself in Life's unpleasing Journey!

*'Twas heedless Fancy first that made me stray,
But Reason now breaks forth, and lights me on my Way.*
[Exeunt.]

S C E N E, *another Chamber.*

Enter Loveless, Amanda, Elder Worthy, Young Worthy, Narcissa, and Hillaria.

El. Wor. This is indeed a joyful Day; we must all congratulate your Happiness.

Am. Which while our Love permits us to enjoy, we must still reflect with Gratitude on the generous Author of it. Sir, we owe you more than Words can pay you.

Love. Words are indeed too weak, therefore let my Gratitude be dumb till it can speak in Actions.

Y. Wor. The Success of the Design I thought on, sufficiently rewards me.

Hil. When I reflect upon *Amanda's* past Afflictions, I cou'd almost weep to think of her unexpected Change of Fortune.

El. Wor. Methinks her fair Example shou'd persuade all constant Wives ne'er to repine at unrewarded Virtue. Nay, e'en my Brother being the first Adviser of it, has aton'd for all the Looseness of his Character.

Love. I never can return his Kindness.

Nar. In a short Time, Sir, I suppose you'll meet with an Opportunity, if you can find a Receipt to preserve Love, after his Honey-Moon's over.

Love. The Receipt is easily found, Madam; Love's a tender Plant, which can't live out of a warm Bed: You must take Care, with undissembled Kindness, to keep him from the Northern Blast of Jealousy.

Nar. But I have heard your experienc'd Lovers make use of Coldness, and that's more agreeable to my Inclination.

Love.

Love. Coldness, Madam, before Marriage, like throwing a little Water upon a clear Fire, makes it burn the fiercer : but after Marriage you must still take Care to lay on fresh Fuel.

Nar. O fie, Sir ! How many Examples have we of Mens hating their Wives for being too fond of 'em ?

Love. No Wonder, Madam : You may stifle a Flame, by heaping on too great a Load.

Nar. Nay, Sir, if there be no other Way of destroying his Passion for me, it may live till Doomsday.

El. Wor. Humh ! don't you smell Powder, Gentle men ? Sir *Novelty* is not far off.

Love. What, not our Fellow-Collegian, I hope, that was expelled the University for beating the Proctor ?

El. Wor. The same.

Love. Does that Weed grow still ?

El. Wor. Ay, faith, and as rank as ever, as you shall see ; for here he comes.

Enter Sir Novelty.

Sir Nov. Ladies, your humble Servant. Dear *Lovelocks*, let me embrace thee ; I am overjoy'd at thy good Fortune, Stop my Vitals—the whole Town rings of it already—My Lady *Tattle-tongue* has tir'd a Pair of Horses in spreading the News about. Hearing, Gentlemen, that you were all met upon an extraordinary good Occasion, I cou'd not resist this Opportunity of joining my Joy with yours : For you must know I am ——

Nar. Marry'd, Sir ?

Sir Nov. To my Liberty, Madam : I have just parted from my Mistress.

Nar. And pray, Sir, how do you find yourself after it ?

Sir Nov. The happiest man alive, Madam ; Pleasant, easy, gay, light, and free as Air : Ha ! [*Capers.*] I beg your Ladyship's Pardon, Madam, but upon my Soul I cannot confine my Rapture.

Nar. Are you so indifferent, Sir ?

Sir Nov. O Madam ! she's engag'd already to a Temple Beau : I saw 'em in a Coach together, so fond, and bore it with as unmov'd a Countenance, as *Tom. Worthy* does

does a thundring Jest in a Comedy, when the whole House roars at it.

Y. Wor. Pray Sir, what occasion'd your Separation?

Sir Nov. Why, this Sir: — You must know, she being still possess'd with a brace of implacable Devils, call'd Revenge and Jealousy, dogg'd me this Morning to the Chocolate-house, where I was obliged to leave a Letter for a young foolish Girl, that — (you'll excuse me, Sir) which I had no sooner deliver'd to the Maid of the House, but, whip, she snatches it out of her Hand, flew at her like a Dragon, tore off her Head-cloaths, flung down three or four Sets of Lemonade Glasses, dash'd my Lord *Whiffle's* Chocolate in his Face, cut him over the Nose, and had like to have strangled me in my own Steinkirk.

Love. Pray, Sir, how did this end?

Sir Nov. Comically, stop my Vitals; for in the Cloud of Powder that she had batter'd out of the Beau's Periwig, I stole away: After which, I sent a Friend to her with an Offer, which she readily accepted (three hundred Pounds a Year during Life) provided she would renounce all Claims to me, and resign my Person to my own Disposal.

El. Wor. Methinks, Sir *Novelty*, you were a little too extravagant in your Settlement, considering how the Price of Women is fallen.

Sir Nov. Therefore I did it — to be the first Man shou'd raise their Price: For, the Devil take me, the Women of the Town now come down so low, that my very Footman, while he kept my Place t'other Day at the Playhouse, carry'd a Mask out of the Side-box with him; and, stop my Vitals, the Rogue is now taking Physick for't.

El. Wor. Brother, here comes Sir *William*.

Enter Sir William Wisewou'd.

Sir Will. Joy, Joy to you all. Madam, I congratulate your good Fortune. Well, my dear Rogue, must not I give thee Joy too, ha?

Y. Wor. If you please, Sir: But I confess I have more than I deserve already.

Sir Will. And art thou marry'd?

Y. Wor. Yes, Sir, I am marry'd.

Sir Will. Odso, I am glad on't: I dare swear thou dost not grudge me the five thousand Pounds.

Y. Wor.

Y. Wor. Not I, really Sir : You have given me all my Soul could wish for, but the Addition of a Father's Blessing.

[*Kneels with Narcissa.*]

Sir Will. Humh ! what dost thou mean ? I am none of thy Father.

Y. Wor. This Lady is your Daughter, Sir, I hope.

Sir Will. Prithee get up, prithee get up, thou art stark mad. True, I believe she may be my Daughter : Well, and so, Sir ———

Y. Wor. If she be not, I'm certain she's my Wife, Sir.

Sir Will. Humh ! Mr. *Worthy*, pray, Sir, do me the Favour to help me to understand your Brother a little — Do you know any thing of his being marry'd ?

El. Wor. Then, without any Abuse, Sir *William*, he marry'd your Daughter this very Morning, not an Hour ago, Sir.

Sir Will. Pray, Sir, whose Consent had you ? Who advis'd you to it ?

Y. Wor. Our mutual Love, and your Consent, Sir ; which these Writings entitling her to a thousand Pounds a Year, and this Bond, whereby you have oblig'd yourself to pay me five thousand Pounds on our Day of Marriage, are sufficient Proofs of.

Sir Will. He, he ! I gave your Brother such a Bond, Sir.

Y. Wor. You did so ; but the Obligation is to me : Look there, Sir.

Sir Will. Very good, this is my Hand, I must confess, Sir : And what then ?

Y. Wor. Why then, I expect my five thousand Pounds, Sir : Pray, Sir, do you know my Name ?

Sir Will. I am not drunk, Sir ; I am sure it was *Worthy*, and *Jack*, or *Tom*, or *Dick*, or something.

Y. Wor. No, Sir, I'll shew you—'tis *William* ; look you there, Sir : You shou'd have taken more Care of the Lawyer, Sir, that fill'd up the Blank.

El. Wor. So, now his Eyes are open.

Sir Will. And have you marry'd my Daughter against my Consent, and trick'd me out of five thousand Pounds, Sir ?

Hil. His Brother, Sir, has marry'd me too with my Consent, and I am not trick'd out of five thousand Pounds.

Sir

Sir *Will.* Insulting Witch ! Look ye, Sir, I never had a substantial Cause to be angry in my Life before : But now I have Reason on my Side, I will indulge my Indignation most immoderately : I must confess, I have not Patience to wait the slow Redress of a tedious Law-suit ; therefore am resolv'd to right myself the nearest Way ; — Draw, draw, Sir ; You must not enjoy my five thousand Pounds, tho' I fling as much more after it, in procuring a Pardon for killing you. [*They bold him.*] Let me come at him ; I'll murder him ; I'll cut him ; I'll tear him ; I'll broil him, and eat him ; a Rogue ! a Dog ! a cursed Dog ! a Cut-throat, murdering Dog !

El. Wor. O fie : Sir *William*, how monstrous is this Passion !

Sir *Will.* You have disarm'd me ; but I shall find a Time to poison him.

Love. Think better on't, Sir *William* ; your Daughter has marry'd a Gentleman, and one whose Love entitles him to her Person.

Sir *Will.* Ay, but the five thousand Pounds, Sir—Why the very Report of his having such a Fortune, will ruin him. I'll warrant you, within this Week, he will have more Duns at his Chamber in a Morning, than a Gaming Lord after a good Night at the Groom-Porter's, or a Poet upon the fourth Day of his new Play. I shall never be pleas'd with paying it against my own Consent, Sir.

Hil. Yet you wou'd have had me done it, Sir *William* : But, however, I heartily wish you wou'd as freely forgive Mr. *Worthy*, as I do you, Sir.

Sir *Will.* I must confess, this Girl's Good-nature makes me ashamed of what I have offer'd : But, Mr. *Worthy*, I did not expect such Usage from a Man of your Character : I always took you for a Gentleman.

El. Wor. You shall find me no other, Sir. Brother, a Word with you.

Love. Sir *William*, I have some Obligations to this Gentleman, and have so great a Confidence in your Daughter's Merit, and his Love, that I here promise to return you your five thousand Pounds, if after the Expiration of one Year, you are then dissatisfied in his Being your Son-in-law.

Y. Wor.



Y. Wor. But see, Brother, he has forestall'd your Purpose.

El. Wor. Mr. *Loveless*, you have been beforehand with me; but you must give me leave to offer Sir *William* my joint Security for what you promised him.

Love. With all my Heart, Sir: Dare you take our Bonds, Sir *William*?

Y. Wor. Hold, Gentlemen: I shou'd blush to be oblig'd to that Degree: Therefore, Sir *William*, as the first Proof of that Respect and Duty I owe a Father, I here, unask'd, return your Bond, and will henceforth expect nothing from you, but as my Conduct may deserve it.

Am. This is indeed a generous Act; methinks 'twere Pity it should go unrewarded.

Sir *Wil.* Nay, now you vanquish me; after this, I can't suspect your future Conduct: There, Sir, 'tis yours; I acknowledge the Bond, and wish you all the Happiness of a bridal Bed. Heaven's Blessing on you both: Now rise, my Boy; and let the World know 'twas I set you upon your Legs again.

Y. Wor. I'll study to deserve your Bounty, Sir.

Love. Now, Sir *William*, you have shewn yourself a Father. This prudent Action has secured your Daughter from the usual Consequence of a stol'n Marriage, a Parent's Curse. Now she must be happy in her Love, while you have such a tender Care on't.

Am. This is indeed a happy Meeting: We all of us have drawn our several Prizes in the Lottery of human life; therefore I beg our Joys may be united: Not one of us must part this Day. The Ladies I'll intreat my Guests.

Love. The rest are mine, and I hope will often be so.

Amanda! now once more receive me to thy Arms; and while I am there, let the World confess my Happiness. By my Example taught, let every Man, whose Fate has bound him to a marry'd Life, beware of letting loose his wild Desires: For if Experience may be allow'd to judge, I must proclaim the Folly of a wandring Passion. The greatest Happiness we can hope on Earth,

*And sure the nearest to the Joys above,
Is the chaste Rapture of a virtuous Love.*

E P I.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Miss CROSS in the Character of CUPID.

NOW, Gallants, for the Author. First, To you
Kind City Gentlemen o' th' Middle Row;
He hopes you nothing to his Charge can lay,
There's not a Cuckold made in all his Play.
Nay, you must own, if you believe your Eyes,
He draws his Pen against your Enemies:
For he declares, to-day he merely strives
To maul the Beaux——because they maul your Wives.
Nor, Sirs, To you whose sole Religion's Drinking,
Whoring, Roaring, without the Pain of thinking,
He fears he's made a Fault you'll ne'er forgive,
A Crime beyond the Hopes of a Reprieve:
An honest Rake forgo the Joys of Life,
His Whores and Wine, t' embrace a dull chaste Wife!
Such out-of-fashion Stuff! But then again,
He's lewd for above four Acts, Gentlemen.
For faith, he knew, when once he'd chang'd his Fortune,
And reform'd his Vice, 'twas Time—to drop the Curtain.
Four Acts for your coarse Palates were design'd,
But then the Ladies Taste is more refin'd;
They, for Amanda's sake, will sure be kind.
Pray let this Figure once your Pity move:
Can you resist the pleading God of Love?
In vain my Pray'rs the other Sex pursue,
Unless your conqu'ring Smiles their stubborn Hearts subdue.

F I N I S.



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